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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 177.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, April 24, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Bullingham*

Lady Eden: A Photographic Study

The wife of Sir William Eden—a woman of exceptional beauty. It may be remembered that Whistler was commissioned by her husband to paint her portrait, but, owing to a dispute over the payment, he obliterated the face and substituted that of another lady. We are pleased to give the camera's version of Lady Eden

No. 177.—Vol. XIV.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday April 24, 1907

It has been a bad week for turtles. Whether it has been a worse week for Colonial Premiers, in whose honour the turtles have been turned into soup, only their private physicians can tell. But anyone who has studied the menus of the past few days will realise that the representatives of our Empire must be strong men indeed. England should be proud of them.

* * *

The creditable thing is that even their after-dinner speeches have been great. We talk lightly enough of after-dinner speeches, and, no doubt, a ready speaker, who has got most of it written down (by his secretary) on a piece of paper, with the jokes underlined, can make an effective speech after dinner. But to do it for days on end is a matter of genius.

* * *

The fact is that directly after dinner is the very worst time for speaking. The best time is when one is hungry. Starving men are the best talkers. Look at the orators in Hyde Park. Think of the way the Suffragettes talk after coming from Holloway. While some of the finest eloquence in the world has been heard after breakfast at Mr. Miles's restaurant.

* * *

Taal talk is not the same as tall talk nowadays, and General Botha has shown himself one of the most popular of all the Premiers. Talking a strange language (in public) has given him quite a pull over the other Premiers. People like to have things interpreted to them; and if Sir Wilfrid Laurier would talk the Eskimo language, and Mr. Deakin would talk Dingo (is it Dingo?), and Sir Joseph Ward, Maori, it is not at all certain that they wouldn't carry even more weight than they do.

* * *

If it was a bad week for the turtles, last week was good enough for the German critics of the drama. What a time they had with Mr. Tree! The only thing they didn't criticise was his pronunciation of the English language. It is hard to see why, seeing what superb English most Germans speak.

* * *

A navigable torpedo is the latest war weapon to be invented. We fear, however, that the eagerness of the men to be appointed navigators—especially in time of war—might arouse bitter jealousies.

Somewhere Near the Truth

LITTLE GIRL (*telling of the Garden of Eden*): "Yes, mummy, Adam and Eve lived very happily there till the Evil Spirit came in the form of a *servant*"

(BY PERCY E. GREEN)

Turkish dramatic censors are so fearful of possible disloyalty that all the kings in plays produced in Constantinople are converted into mere dukes. So far has the thing been carried that even the authors' royalties——[Next, please.—ED.]

* * *

"FIELDING WITH MUSIC."

Not another suggestion for the brightening-up of cricket—merely the headline of the *Express's* criticism of the new opera, *Tom Jones*.

* * *

The Khedive entertained Lord Cromer to a farewell luncheon at Abdin Palace. "Will you come to ab din?" was His Highness's playful wording of the invitation.

* * *

At the American Peace Conference it has been pointed out that if only the civilised nations would consent to disarm, "the arbitrament of war would be replaced by the arbitrament of law." Instead of the Thirty Years' War, in fact, we should have the Thirty Years' Law.

* * *

The problem of "manning the regiment" is becoming very difficult for the Queen's Westminsters. Why not change the name of this famous corps to the Westminster Queens, and ask the Suffragettes to join?

* * *

If the County Cricket Clubs take up the National Rifle movement, as they are reported to be going to do, the reproach of being flannelled fools will undoubtedly cease to be effective. We hope they will; and, as a small contribution to a great scheme, suggest that tied matches should be shot off at the butts.

* * *

To H. L. Doherty (on his Rumoured Retirement)

England hath need of thee. The tennis show
Will lose one half its lustre if no more
We see thee covering the "covered" floor
Or on the grass serenely bounding, Do!

Wherefore retire? Thou sayest that use and wont
Have staled the game for thee and made it slow;
But think of us, who will not find it so
Until thou *dost* retire, and, oh, Do, don't!

Games and Pastimes

A Correction

In my notes on the Public Schools' Racquets Championship last week, I erroneously described M. K. Foster, the Malvern first string, as the youngest of the famous Worcestershire brethren of that name. There is, in fact, a still younger brother, named John, not very far advanced in the 'teens, who has already given promise of adding to the prestige of the school and county with which his family is so closely associated. And there are some who are even bold enough to aver that, although the last, he will not be by any means the least of a generation of giants. While on the subject of the clan Foster and their prowess, more particularly at racquets, I may as well mention that Miss C. S. M. Foster is no less proficient in a racquet court than she is at golf, or, for the matter of that, cricket, and can make a good fight of it with any of her brothers.

The Tennis Championship

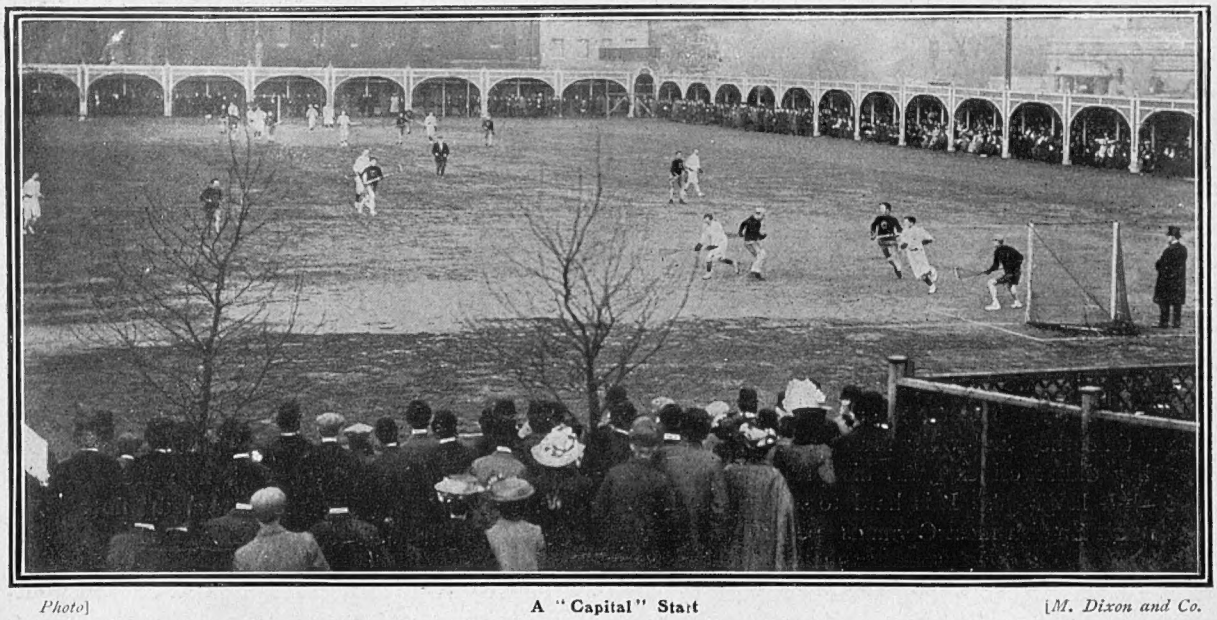
Considerable interest attaches to the Tennis Amateur Championship which starts at Queen's Club to-day (Wednesday) in view of the fact that Jay Gould, the young American millionaire, has come over to make another bid for the title. Last year, it will be remembered, he went through to the final, and only succumbed in the challenge match to the holder, Eustace Miles, after one of the toughest matches ever seen in a tennis court. This year, unfortunately, Miles will be unable to defend his title, and therefore it seems quite possible that the American champion will become English champion as well. The critics are agreed that he has improved fifteen in his play since last year, and that even if Miles were able to defend, the result of last year's match would probably be reversed. The hopes of England are now mainly centred on V. H. Pennell, who is, without much doubt, the best of a fairly representative English entry, which includes Major Cooper-Key, C. E. Tatham, J. F. Marshall, E. B. Noel, and E. A. Biedermann. Jay Gould has drawn R. K. Cross in the first round, and plays him to-morrow at three. Should he win, he will meet the winner of E. B. Noel and C. Fairfax. V. H. Pennell is in the opposite half of the draw. He is a somewhat variable player, but a very hard man to beat when at his best, and at the present time is said to be in better form than he has ever been before.

Lawn Tennis: A Clean Sweep at Queen's

The hero and heroine of the Covered Courts Lawn-Tennis Championships at Queen's Club last week were A. F. Wilding and Miss Eastlake Smith, for between them they swept the board. Severally, they won the two Singles, and in partnership, the Mixed Doubles, while, in addition, Wilding and M. J. G. Ritchie carried off the Men's Doubles. Of last year's winners the two Dohertys were not playing, neither was Mrs. R. L. Chambers (*née* Miss Douglass), and the effect of this was that all the four Championships changed hands without a challenge match, for although Wilding won the Mixed Doubles last year, it was with a different partner—Mrs. Chambers. Of course, the absence of the Dohertys and Mrs. Chambers was to be regretted, but there was plenty of excitement for the spectators throughout the week in the way of close shaves and unexpected results, and plenty of good play, too.

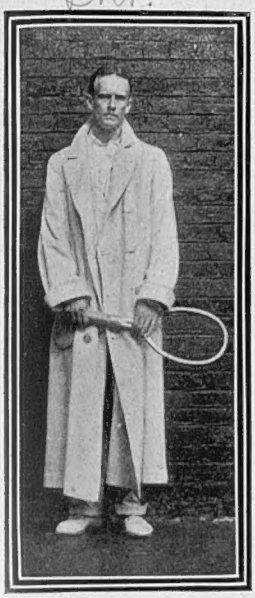
The Singles

In the Men's Singles the bottom half of the draw was the stronger, including, as it did, the names of Ritchie, Wilding, and Gore. Ritchie and Wilding met in the very first round, and their match was about the best of the whole series. At one time Ritchie was having all the best of it; but he was suffering from a cold, and could not quite go



Photo] **A "Capital" Start** *[M. Dixon and Co.*

The Capital Lacrosse team (Lacrosse Champions of Canada), who arrived in England early last week, played the first match of their tour on Thursday, at Lord's, against a team representing the South of England, and performed well up to the reputation which had preceded them. They won comfortably by six goals to nil—a score which might easily have been larger but for the excellence of the English defence



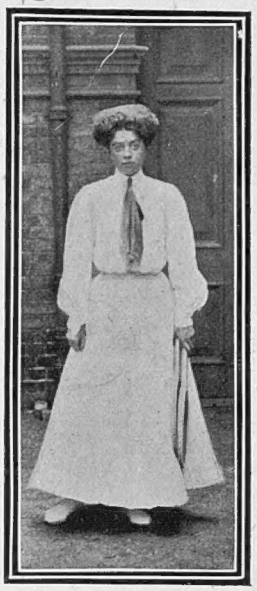
D. P. Rhodes

Rhodes, who is an American, effected a surprise by beating A. W. Gore (a former champion) in these Championships at Queen's Club last week, but lost in the semi-final to A. F. Wilding. He also played well with L. O. S. Poidevin, the Australian and Lancashire cricketer, in the Doubles

the necessary pace, so that Wilding, who is almost invariably fit, managed to catch him up and outstay him. Then came a surprise, in the defeat of Gore by the American, D. P. Rhodes. Gore is short of practice, having only recently come off a sea voyage, and, with Rhodes playing the volleying game almost to perfection, was very soon two sets down. In the next two, however, Gore developed something like his true form, and apparently had his opponent pumped out; but in the final set he in turn fell away a bit, and Rhodes, putting in a plucky spurt, snatched a clever win. In the semi-final against Wilding, on the other hand, he hardly played as well as he had done against the same player in Paris.

Wilding—The Ladies' Singles

Neither could the brilliant but erratic Caridia, who had meanwhile struggled through the top half, make much headway against Wilding in the final. Wilding was playing both with severity and accuracy; with Caridia the accuracy (or, rather, the requisite amount of it) was not forthcoming. The victory of Miss Eastlake Smith in the Ladies' Singles was almost a foregone conclusion. She was unlucky enough to slip and strain her ankle a few minutes before she was due to play Miss M. Coles in the final, but came into court with it strapped up, and, though it pained her a good deal to run, she was driving with such power that she was enabled to win—not with very much to spare, however, for Miss Coles was also hitting pretty hard on the forehand, and for a while held the lead in the second set. In the Mixed Doubles, Wilding and Miss Eastlake Smith met their most formidable opponents, Gore and Miss Wilson, in the first round, but the anticipation of a close match was not realised, for Gore, as in the Singles, was below his customary mark, whereas Miss Eastlake Smith fairly surpassed herself, and was, at times, positively the best of the four. As it turned out, the winners' hardest match was against H. Pollard and Miss Tulloch, for in it they played (for them) quite indifferently, and were very nearly bustled out of the match by the pertinacious Pollard, who played the "all-over-the-shop" game with some ability and undeniable energy. In the Men's Doubles, the event proved that Ritchie and Wilding (who recently beat the Dohertys in a practice game) were really in a class by themselves.

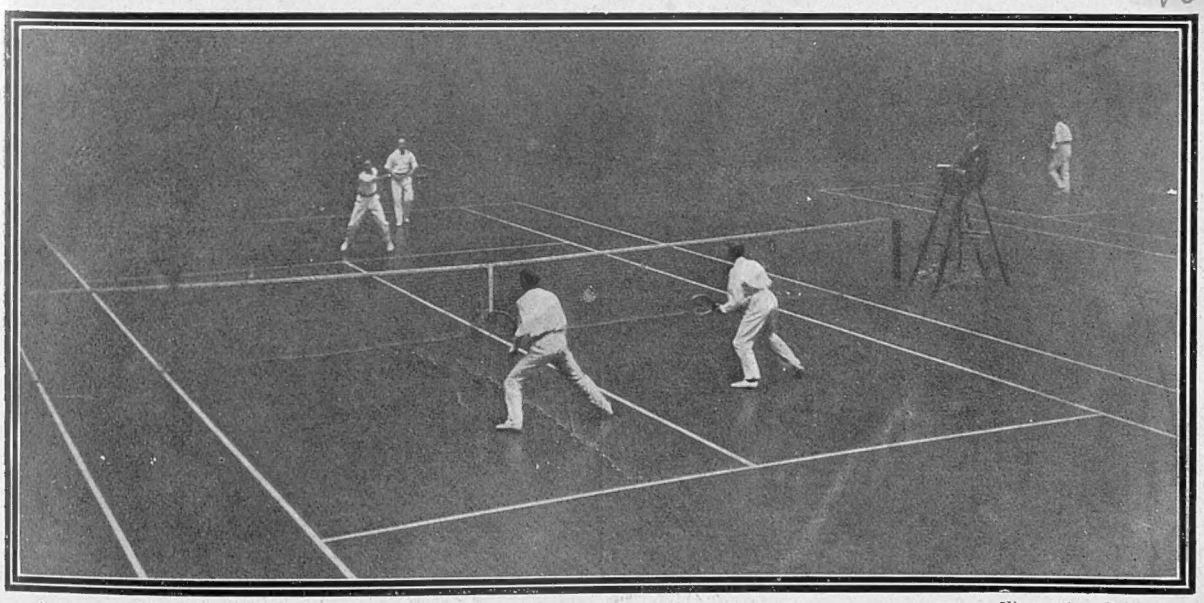


Miss Eastlake Smith

Is playing even better this year than she did last, and has evidently not reached her zenith yet. She is the happy possessor of a style which is at once graceful and forceful

Our Polo Supplement Next Week

With next week's issue of THE BYSTANDER will be published an eight-page illustrated Polo Supplement dealing with the coming season's prospects. A considerable amount of space has always been devoted in this paper to polo, and it is intended in the future to give even more attention to this fascinating game, so that the ever-growing army of polo enthusiasts may come to look upon THE BYSTANDER as a kind of official illustrated organ of the current doings in the polo world. With this object in view, will polo players and secretaries kindly note that we shall always be glad to have sent to this office either polo photographs or interesting items of polo news?



Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

The Covered Courts Lawn-Tennis Championships: A. W. Gore and G. A. Caridia playing F. G. and A. H. Lowe

The brothers Lowe, of whom F. G. has just lately come down from Cambridge, while A. H. is still at Oxford, have both improved their game considerably since last season, and are regarded as the most promising of the younger generation of players

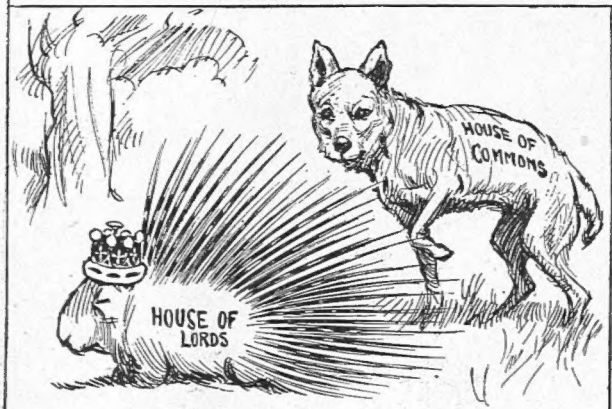
The Topictator

A TREMENDOUS COMPLIMENT

"THE ENGLISH ARE QUICKER THAN WE ARE, IN SOME THINGS. COMPLETE SELF-GOVERNMENT, WITH THE DEFEATED BOERS IN THE SADDLE, WILL BE IN WORKING ORDER AT LEAST FIVE MONTHS BEFORE OUR FILIPINOS ELECT THEIR FIRST GENERAL ASSEMBLY"
'NATION' NEW YORK

"THE GERMAN CRITICS SEEM LEAGUED AGAINST MR TREE AND HIS PLAYERS."
DAILY MAIL

A DELICATE TASK



A 'FRETFUL PORPENTINE'
(ACCORDING TO MR L. HARCOURT)

"THE PLAINTIFF, A MISS SINNICK, STATED THAT SHE AND HER BRIDESMAIDS WAITED AT THE CHURCH BUT THE DEFENDANT DID NOT APPEAR."
DAILY PAPER.

WE FEAR THE LADY WILL NO LONGER BELIE HER NAME.

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Income-Tax Reduction

On Thursday afternoon, before a full and expectant House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a lucid speech of two and a half hours' duration, presented his Budget. Mr. Keir Hardie thinks it a "brutal Budget" because it is "exclusively a middle-class one." As, however, this ornament of the Labour Party is ill abed, his opinion may be considered jaundiced, and is only quoted by me to show how extreme and unreasonable the Labour Representative can be, for the Budget, if anything, is Socialistic in tendency, in spite of Mr. Asquith's disclaimer that he was no Socialist. On earned yearly incomes of less than £2,000 the income-tax has been reduced from one shilling to ninepence. Out of 1,100,000 payers of income-tax, 900,000, who pay on annual incomes of less than £2,000, may, momentarily, be pleased; but there is actually little, if any, cause of satisfaction. The income-tax was originally imposed as a war tribute, and income-tax payers fondly hoped that, sooner or later, times of peace would remove the burden. It is but a short year ago since Mr. Asquith himself declared that "a shilling income-tax in time of peace was impossible to justify and difficult to defend." Because of peace, and because of the surplus of £3,433,000, a reduction of the tax was inevitable, and the chorus of gratitude on the morrow of the reduction will simmer after mature reflection.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

"Threepence Off!"

Mr. Asquith leaving his residence last Thursday to introduce the fateful Budget, the chief feature of which is the relief of threepence to "earned" incomes under £2,000. Though the Chancellor thereby gains general popularity, he foreshadowed a "reign of terror" for the evader of the tax

* * *

"No Further Abatement!"

Mr. Asquith has now manfully declared that the income-tax at one shilling must be regarded henceforth as "a permanent and integral part of our revenue." The total extinction of this war-tax may now be considered beyond the pale of possibility. On the other hand, Mr. Asquith's shilling standard may be looked for as permanent and integral, to be reimposed as soon as the fear of Socialism has been appeased in the breast of the middle-classes. The sop thus thrown to the middle-classes then amounts to this. They get nothing more than they are entitled to on account of the surplus. They are warned to expect no further abatement, no matter what any future surplus may be. They are warned, also, that the standard is one shilling, and that that standard will be "a permanent and integral part" of the revenue. There is consequently little to be thankful for. Mr. Asquith said that he considers Free Trade as the breath of his Government; in other words, that no attempt will be made to bring the working-man into line with the tax-payer and get him to contribute towards the upkeep of his country. Whether this would, or would not, in the end benefit the working-man is not the point here. The fact remains that the working-man is exempt, and is to remain so, whilst the middle-classes are to be permanently bled. If, as Mr. Keir Hardie says, the Budget is "brutal," it certainly is not because it favours the middle-classes, but because, if anything, of its Socialistic tendency.

* * *

The Household Brigade Meeting

Brilliant sunshine, no wind, a large company, and some very good racing made the second day of the Household Brigade Steeplechases at Hawthorn Hill quite delightful. On the first day the weather broke up at mid-day, and furs and wraps covered up the Spring-like gowns of the morning, The special train from Paddington was crowded with officers and their friends, and the provision of huge motor 'buses to convey people from the station to the course, four miles distant, was universally appreciated. One of the most picturesque features of this charming meeting, and one which might, with advantage, be practised at other race meetings, is the clearing of the course by mounted troopers riding abreast, and another feature upon which people were remarking, and which might well be remedied, is that the band plays with great gusto

Society Converts to the Car

where no one in the grand stand or enclosure can hear it. The Brigade dispensed lavish hospitality in the big luncheon and tea tent, where, on the first day of the meeting, Prince Christian and his daughter, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, were entertained. The best-dressed women at the meeting were, as usual, attired in the expensive simplicity of perfectly cut blue serge and large black French hats. But, as at all private meetings of this kind, some women were so badly dressed one could not but admire their courage, and their reliance upon the fact that their names or their positions allowed such license.

* * *

The Modern Sportswoman

I must confess that, "from a pictorial point of view," it has been, from my youth up, my custom rather to bar the sporting woman. I have met her hunting, punting, motoring. I have met her strenuously struggling on the lawn-tennis court, and energetically, if not gracefully, making rushes on the hockey field. I have met her afterwards at dinner, and have not approved. But, of late, it has come to me that my ideas on the subject are becoming out of date — have now, indeed, no foundation, in fact. For I have been privileged to meet a positive succession of pretty, of charming, and of superlatively good sportswomen. Not those *dilettantes* in the art who pat balls over nets, and then scream, or who find it impossible to steer a boat straight either up or down stream; but the modern woman, urged by her brothers from babyhood to "be a man," and deciding, in womanhood, to be a woman too.

Miss Vansittart-Neale

The *débutante* daughter of Sir Henry Vansittart-Neale, K.C.B., whose beautiful old house, Bisham Abbey, on the Thames above Marlow, is well known to all river people

* * *

A Pioneer Lady Motor Driver

The last and one of the most charming of these sporting ladies who have so converted me is Miss Dorothy Levett, a pioneer among lady motor drivers. Prepared to criticise, I looked in vain for the short skirt, the thick boots, even the goggles and wrappings of the comic-paper motorist. Instead I found a delightful essence. The elegance of the non-sporting lady was combined with the *bon camaraderie* of the sportsman, the pretty frock with the furs and veilings of the motorist. Indeed, in every instance, what I looked for was not there, but instead a charming piece of femininity, in no way spoiled, rather distinctly improved, by her devotion to sport. Miss Levett, I understand, holds the world's record for lady motor driving. At Blackpool she achieved this enviable reputation by doing ninety-one miles an hour on the aforesaid six-cylinder Napier, and she has also driven this car at the Brighton trials. At Bexhill she is driving the identical six-cylinder Napier which she intends to take to Germany in June, where she will represent England in the Herkomer Trophy competition.

* * *

Motor-Racing—Here and in Germany

On that all too short Bexhill track, by the way, Miss Levett avers that she will meet an untimely end. "Jump the cliff, or something," she foretells, as has also foretold many a Bexhill motorist before her. It is to be hoped, however, that this catastrophe will occur, if at all—which the gods forbid!—*after*, rather than before, the Herkomer trials, for Miss Levett tells me that motor-racing in Germany has joys we in England wot not of. Over there, one competes only with one's equals, and not, as in England, with chauffeurs and the like; and there is also a complete absence of that "trade-y" element which somehow invariably asserts itself at our English motor meetings. Our second illustration is of Mrs. Mark Mayhew, of Brokham's Court, Surrey, in her 40 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier. Mrs. Mayhew, like her husband, is a well-known and most enthusiastic motorist. She has just returned from a 2,000-mile Continental tour, but, unlike the intrepid Miss Levett, does not race, as she is rather nervous.

* * *

Some Recent Converts to the Car

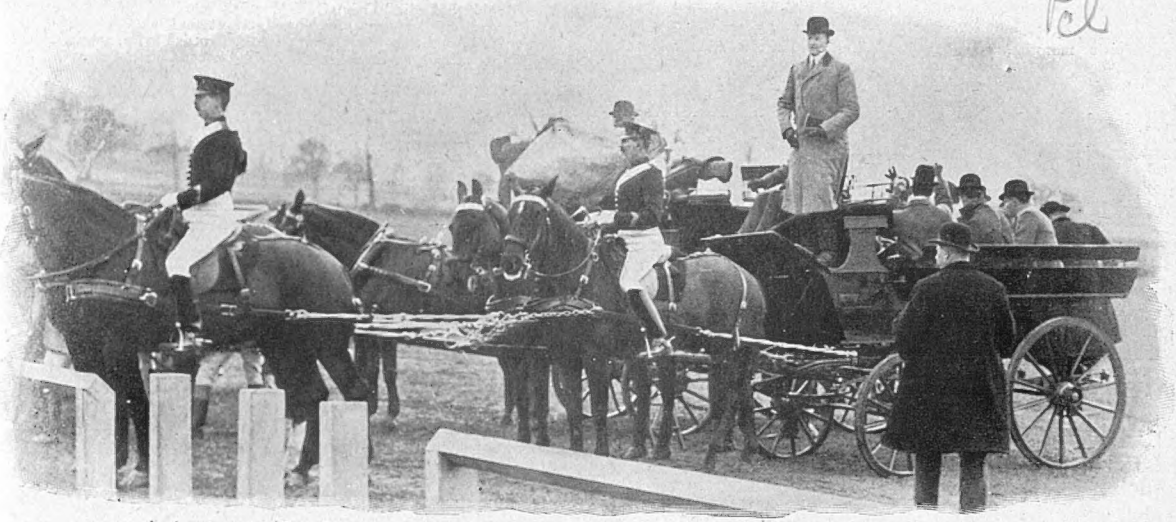
It is rather amusing, by the way, to note the gradual falling into line—into motoring line—of those people who vowed and swore that they preferred horse-flesh, and would not have an automobile. One meets them in greater numbers every day, completely converted to the car, mad on motoring, and carefully forgetful of their former vows. Lord Roberts, for one, has become as keen as possible on the 40 h.-p. Napier he acquired last autumn. The Bishop of London has at last bought a car, and, for diocesan purposes if for no other, one is only surprised that he had not had one before. In the Park, fresh converts are constantly turning up. Lady Iveagh, who, until just lately, always drove in the well-known Guinness chocolate-brown carriages behind those very high-steppers of hers, has this season been using an electric landaulette; and Lady D'Arcy de Knayth and Conyers has

The Household Brigade Meeting

SOCIETY BESIEGES HAWTHORN HILL FOR ARMY STEEPLECHASING

Lord Herbert and Viscountess Crichton

Lord and Lady Desborough



Arrival of the 2nd Life Guards' brake with party from Windsor. Lord Newry standing on the box

The Household Brigade Meeting on Wednesday and Thursday last was favoured with very mixed weather, pouring rain spoiling the first day's sport, while on the second day it was very changeable. Some of the many lady spectators were to be seen in quite "summery" attire, but furs and winter coats were the most common wear, and though short spells of sunshine occasionally rejoiced the hearts of the former, those wearing winter clothing were the most comfortably clad

Sir Claude de Crespigny

He watched his son, Capt. de Crespigny, win the Grenadier Guards' Challenge Cup, riding his own Longmoor Lass

Lord Hugh Grosvenor. On his right, the Hon. Harry Bourke

Lord Hugh rode his Elizabeth II. in the 1st Life Guards' Challenge Cup

Photos taken specially for "The Bystander"

Women as "Sportsmen"

Photo *Thomson*

Mrs. Mark Mayhew

On her 40 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier. Like her husband, she is an enthusiastic motorist, and has just returned from a 2,000-mile Continental tour

The Scottish Ladies' Team at Ranelagh

The Ranelagh Ladies' Open Golf Meeting was held on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. The International Cup for the best aggregate of eight scores was won by the Scottish team, shown above, with 650 points, England being second with 668

been lately in the public view in a very smart new car painted in the Lane-Fox colours.

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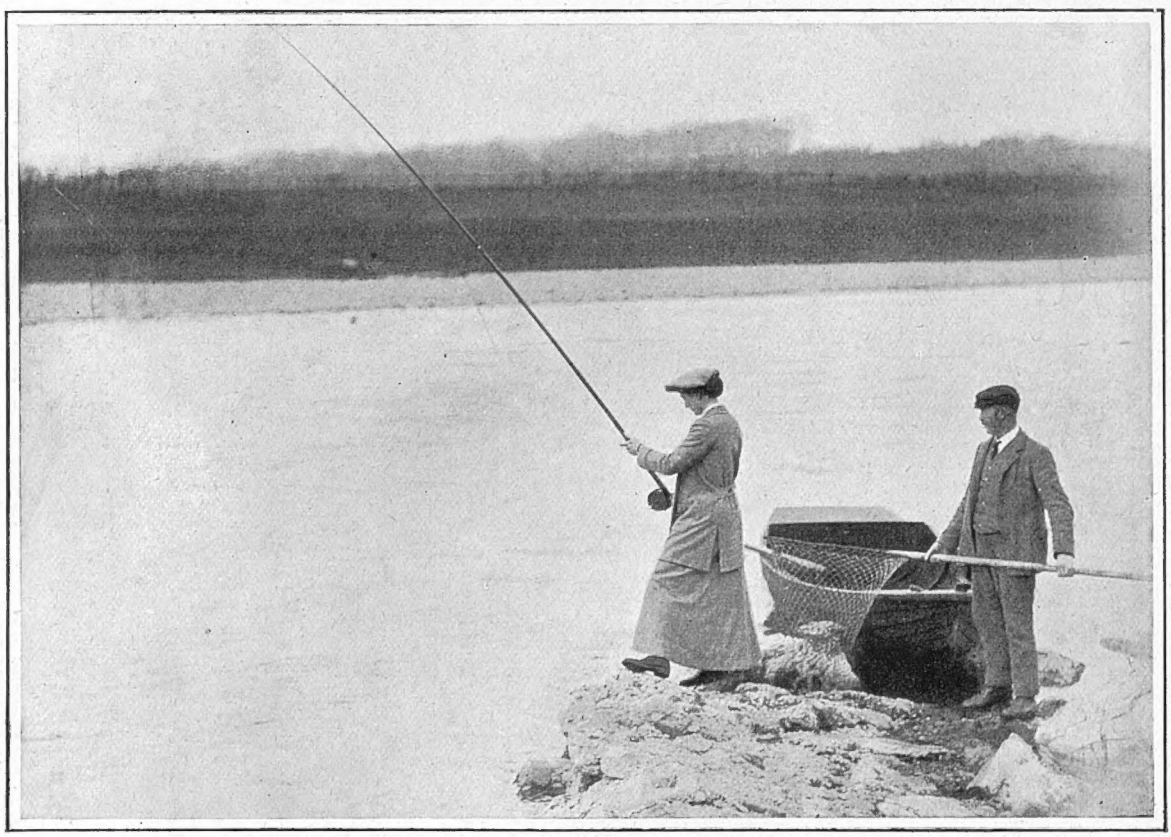
Angler, M.F.H., and Motorist

It was, I suppose, Izaak Walton who declared that angling is somewhat like poetry—men are to be born so. Women, piscatorially, he ignored, but women, the great Izaak notwithstanding, are, once the fever takes them, as a matter of fact, extremely keen anglers. Our illustration shows Mrs. Burrell salmon-fishing on the River Tweed and momentarily playing a fine fish. Mrs. Burrell, it will be remembered, last year, on the death of Sir James Miller, undertook to Master the Northumberland and Berwickshire Hounds.



Salmon Fishing on the Tweed: Mrs. Burrell playing a fine fish at Kirk End

Mrs. Burrell, besides being an ardent angler, is the "Master" of the Northumberland and Berwickshire Hounds

Women as "Sportsmen"

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Miss Dorothy Levett, the well-known lady motorist, on her six-cylinder Napier Car

Miss Levett (representing England) will drive in the Herkomer Trophy, to be held in Germany in June. She established the ladies' record of 24 3-5ths secs. for the "flying kilomètre" at Blackpool last autumn

Egypt's New Social Leaders

The New Administrator of Egypt

Motoring in Scotland last autumn, I passed a castle so new, so magnificent, and so prosperous-looking that my curiosity was aroused. Inquiry elicited the information that the castle was Ardnamurchan, the Scotch seat of the great Rand millionaire, Mr. C. D. Rudd, founder, with Cecil Rhodes, of the Consolidated Gold Fields Company; that it had taken over three years to build; that both Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jameson had assisted at the house-warming in 1901; and that Mr. Rudd, though no heaven-born laird, was, nevertheless, extremely popular with his new Scottish tenantry. Money, Rand-made money, was poured out like water. Could higher bid be made for Celtic popularity? Added to which, Mr. Rudd had earned the gastronomical gratitude of his tenants by his method of dealing with the deer. He drove them all off the cultivated lands and confined them to the forest. When they strayed back into richer pastures, they were shot and the venison presented to the tenantry. Mr. Rudd's daughter is now Lady Gorst, wife of Sir Eldon Gorst, our new British Agent, Consul-General, and Minister Plenipotentiary in Egypt.

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A Semi-Colonial Administrator

From things Colonial, indeed, there is just now no escape. Sir Eldon Gorst himself is half a Colonial, his mother having been a native of Christchurch, N.Z. He was born in New Zealand forty-eight years ago, and, after a brilliant career at Cambridge, was called to the Bar, and became an attaché in the Diplomatic Service. He first became closely connected with Egyptian finance in 1890, when he was made Controller of Direct Revenues. He then succeeded Lord Milner as Under-Secretary of State for Finance, and six years later became Financial Adviser to the Ministry of the Interior. In 1902, in recognition of his services, he was made a K.C.B.; and in the following year he married the daughter of the Rand millionaire, Mr. C. D. Rudd, a lady who had learned, at any rate the rudiments of, the dispensation of hospitality in that very good school, a Scottish castle.

Photo *Helen McCaul and Elizabeth Dickson*

Lady Gorst

Wife of the new British Agent in Cairo. She is the daughter of Mr. C. D. Rudd, one of the founders of the gold-mining industry on the Rand, now a large Scottish landowner

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Lady Ethel Baird

Daughter of the Earl of Kintore. She has left for Buenos Ayres, where her husband is Second Secretary of Legation

The Right Man Socially?

And, talking of hospitality, it is on this very subject that the appointment of Sir Eldon Gorst as administrator of Egypt gives cause, perhaps, for slight misgiving. Sir Eldon is, we all know, Lord Cromer's favourite, most absorbent pupil. It is to be expected, therefore, that he has absorbed, together with his master's virtues, a certain proportion of his failings. If Lord Cromer had a fault—and so great an Empire-builder could never have reached the heights Lord Cromer reached had he been faultless—it was that he gave too little heed to the social side of his great position, a failing in which both the first and the second Lady Cromer tacitly and willingly encouraged him. During Lord Cromer's administration, however, this avoidance of social claims scarcely mattered. His work was so great, so stupendous, that such small things as entertaining and the like sank into comparative insignificance. But the Egypt Lord Cromer leaves is an Egypt which he has raised out of "Oriental barbarism into Western civilisation." There are needed in his successor neither the creative master nor the absolutism which distinguished Lord Cromer. In Egypt, as in India, and at Washington and Paris, what we now want is a man possessed of the highest possible diplomatic and social qualifications, and also, if possible, of a certain aristocratic rank. Some people have, very naturally, been lamenting that Lord Milner was not offered the post—in view of his splendid work in Egypt in the early days of the Cromer *régime*. It would, however, have been too much to expect that a Liberal Government should appoint a man so pronounced in his present Party leanings—right or wrong as those leanings may be.

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A Diplomat's Wife

Our photograph of Lady Ethel Baird leads me again to paths diplomatic. Lady Ethel Baird is the elder of Lord Kintore's two daughters. She left England a few days since, accompanied by her brother, Lord Falconer, the latter on big-game shooting intent, to join her husband, Mr. John Baird,

A Trio of Colonial Governors

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Photo *Bassano*

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

THREE NEW COLONIAL GOVERNORS

Sir H. McCallum (Natal) **Gen. Sir Wm. G. Nicholson (Gibraltar)** **Sir Fredk. Lugard (Hong Kong)**

at Buenos Ayres. Mr. Baird is one of our rising young diplomatists. He is the son of Sir Alexander Baird, of Urie, N.B., and has been successively His Majesty's Attaché at Vienna, Second and Third Secretary at Cairo, Acting Agent and Consul-General in Abyssinia. He has now been transferred from Paris as Second Secretary to the British Legation at Buenos Ayres. Lady Ethel Baird's father, Lord Kintore, is a Lord-in-Waiting on the King, and the possessor, in addition to many University degrees, of several important foreign orders, the Grand Cordon of Italy, the Prussian Order of the Red Eagle, and the Portuguese Military Order of Christ being not the least amongst them.

Another Empire-Builder

Two interesting appointments are announced. Colonel Sir Henry McCallum, R.E., A.D.C., G.C M.G., Governor of Natal, is to be Governor of Ceylon, consequent on the retirement of Sir Henry Blake, G.C.M.G., and Brigadier-General Sir Frederick Lugard, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., late High Commissioner of Northern Nigeria, is to be Governor of Hong Kong in succession to Sir Matthew Nathan. Sir Frederick Lugard has spent twenty-one years in the Government service in South Africa, and both as a soldier and as an administrator has proved himself one of the greatest, most invaluable servants of the Empire. He served in the Afghan War, the Soudan

Photo *Lieut.-Col. McFall*

Astride—on a Docile Steed

Miss Doreen Lindsay, daughter of Captain W. Lindsay and Lady Kathleen Lindsay, on her donkey, Ting

Disappointing Danish Art

Photo *Borup*

Danish Art at the Guildhall

The formal opening of the Danish Art Exhibition at the Guildhall by the Lord Mayor took place on April 9. The Danish Ambassador, Kammerherre Bille, proposing thanks to the Lord Mayor

campaign, and the Burmese expedition, and was appointed High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of Northern Nigeria in 1899, which appointment he resigned in September last year. Discomfort, peril, long service in distant, almost savage, lands, the usual thorns in the pathway of the pioneer, all have been his lot as a pillar and a builder of Empire. As the man on the spot, he has suffered the usual annoyances from the interference of the politician at home. As the devoted servant of Empire he returns to the lists, but this time with no uncertain odds. As Governor of Hong Kong, life, it is pretty certain, will be less difficult and far pleasanter than as uncrowned king of Northern Nigeria. Lady Lugard was, until five years ago, Miss Flora Shaw, author, journalist, and head of the Colonial Department of the *Times* office, and was an important witness before the Jameson Raid Inquiry.

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New Army Chief

As Chief of the General Staff and first Military Member of the Army Council, General Sir W. G. Nicholson, K.C.B., R.E., has been selected to succeed Sir Neville Lyttleton, who, it is understood, will take over command of the Forces in Ireland. Sir William Nicholson is sixty-two years of age, and has seen forty-two years' service. He has fought in Egypt, Burmah, Afghanistan, Tirah, and South Africa, and his Staff service includes Adjutant-General in India, Military Secretary to Lord Roberts in South Africa, Director-General of Mobilisation and Military Intelligence, Chief Military Attaché with the Japanese Army during the late war, and Quartermaster-General to the Forces, to which post he was appointed two years ago.

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Danish Painters at the Guildhall

To be candid, the Exhibition of Danish Art, opened the other week at the Guildhall, is extremely disappointing. It is not individual. Instead of the peculiar genius of the country one had hoped to see represented in its pictures by its leading artists, we find nothing which might not just as well have emerged from some London, or Paris, or Berlin studio, German influence, indeed, being very much to the fore. The best pictures in this Exhibition contain just that great technical power and grasp of character, combined with an entire lack of charm, of grace, or of high imaginative faculty, which one finds so commonly in the German school of painting. Of the weird mysticism of Scandinavian legend, of the Vikings, the winged Valkyries, the fairies, and gods, and heroes of Valhalla, there is no sign. An academic lack of imagination and genius hangs over the whole show. Of four men and one woman only can one make honourable mention. They are Wilhelm Hammershoi (the chief modern exponent of Danish national art), Carl Holsoe, Christian Zaartmann (whose talent manifests itself in some mightily unpleasant pictures), and P. S. Kroyer, in whose work the modern French school is very clearly expressed. The woman artist is Mrs. Agnes Stott Möller. Her picture illustrating a Danish ballad is markedly strong and skilfully executed.

Photo *Purdy*

Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A.

Celebrated as a portrait painter in two hemispheres. This year he sends "Lady Essex," "Lady Sassoon," "Lady Eden," and "Miss Langman"

A Royal Academy Forecast 1907

Another Portrait Academy

"You know," said that important person, the head carpenter, at Burlington House last year, to a "rejected" friend of mine when he fetched his would-be contribution away, "Mr. Sargent and I want this to be a bright exhibition." I have not yet heard what is the ambition either of the chief carpenter or of Mr. Sargent with regard to the exact tone of this year's Academy. It is to be hoped, however, that they want a portrait Academy, for that is what it seems we are to have. We had one last year, and, if I remember rightly, the year before, and though, I suppose, the commercial spirit is no more to be despised in Art than in anything else, yet in Art, more than in other professions, perhaps, its too constant exploitation tends soonest to weariness. The painting of portraits on commission, I have no doubt, is both lucrative to the artist and, if exhibited, gratifying to the subject. But there is just one small factor to be considered where an Academy picture is concerned, and that is, in the case of these portraits, often ignored. I refer to the public — the shilling public. It is bored to tears with portraits. It never did like them. Soon it will stop paying its shilling to see them. And then where will the poor Academy be?

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The Portrait Painters

Messrs. Shannon, Seymour Lucas, Sargent, Dicksee, Strang, Herkomer, Rivière, and many many others, all send portraits. Mr. Herkomer has painted Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, a present from Mr. and Mrs. Bischoffsheim to her father, Sir Ernest Cassel; Mr. Hugh Rivière sends portraits of Mrs. Marshall Field, one of the richest women in the world, of the Countess of Leitrim, and of Captain James de Courcy Hamilton in full fireman's kit as Chief Officer of the London Fire Brigade; Mr. Sargent sends portraits of Lady Essex, Lady Eden,

Photo *Haines*

The Hon. John Collier

Brother of Lord Monkswell, and a popular painter of problem pictures. His "Mariage de Convenance" will attract as much attention as his "Indeed, Indeed, Repentance Oft I Swore!" did last year

and Lady Sassoon; Mr. Shannon of Mrs. Ratan Tata, the wife of the Parsee merchant who has bought York House, Twickenham; and Mr. Arthur Garratt sends a picture of the Prime Minister addressing the House.

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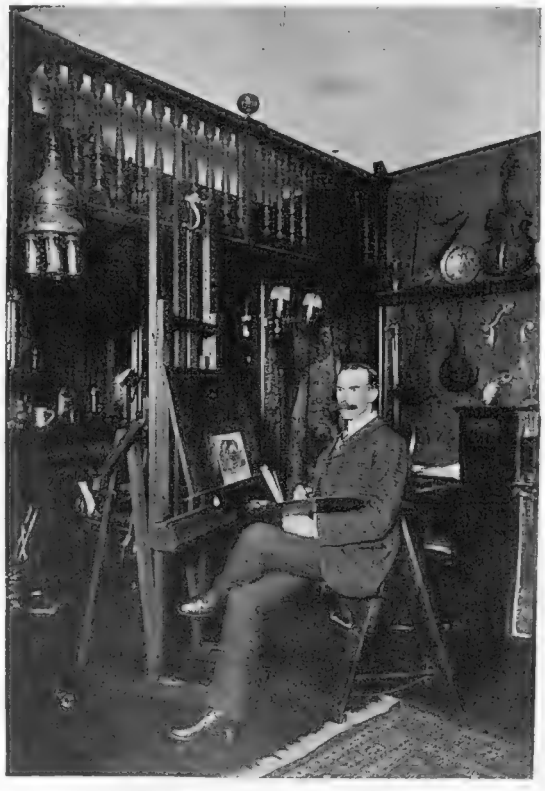
Some Pictures

Of subject-pictures there are even fewer than usual. Mr. Frank Craig, whose work is so well known to readers of the *Graphic*, is in the vanguard of topicality with his "The Maid"; the new R.A., Mr. W. L. Wyllie, sends all sea pictures, one of the *Dreadnought* amongst them; and Mr. Napier Hemy's four pictures are also all large sea subjects. Mr. Seymour Lucas's Elizabethan "Roundelay" is suggested in our portrait of the artist, and Mr. Alfred East's four pictures are all of the meteorological variety. One is an actual storm; one depicts summer at her height; another, autumn; and another, a c nvent garden, dark-treed under a darker sky. Amongst the women artists, Lady Alma-Tadema sends a harmless "Peacemaking," Miss Alma-Tadema has done a sky study called "The Cloud," and Miss Henrietta Rae boldly attempts one of the few nudes, while that clever "romantic" painter, Miss Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale, pictures Browning's lines, "When Earth seemed nearer Heaven than now."



From a special sitting given to "The Bystander"

Mr. E. Blair Leighton

Who exhibits a picture on the subject of "Tristram and Iseult" at this year's Academy

From a special sitting given to "The Bystander"

Mr. G. J. Frampton, R.A.

Chosen by the Princess of Wales to model the statue for India, of which the bust of H.R.H. sent to the Academy is a study

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Royal Portraits

Mr. A. S. Cope's portrait of the King, in the robes of the Order of the Garter, really is a portrait. It was painted from life, and not, as is the usual procedure with regard to Royal portraits, from photographs, with perhaps a sitting or two thrown in. Mr. Cope, I understand, intimated to King Edward the utter impossibility of the above proceeding, in so far as getting a good likeness was concerned. The King, therefore, with exceptional kindness, granted the artist half a dozen or more sittings—more, I believe, than he has ever given before—and an exceedingly good likeness is the result. A miniature of Queen Alexandra is all we are to see of Her Majesty this year; and in this she, too, is wearing the sash of the Order of the Garter and the small, becoming crown she affects.

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Statuary Exhibitors

I had intended publishing a portrait of Lord Albemarle, who is contributing a full-sized bronze statue of a bugler boy, illustrative of one of Kipling's poems, but as a reply from his lordship to a letter requesting a sitting has not reached this office I am unable to carry out my amiable intention. Mr. G. J. Frampton has, however, kindly obliged me in this respect, and I am reproducing his photograph herewith. He sends to the Academy a bust of the Princess of Wales in bronze. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft sends an equestrian statue of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and Mr. H. A. Pegram a bronze plaque of "Perseus and Andromeda" and a bust of the late Mr. Alfred Beit.

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Our Annual Sensation

I am delighted to be able to publish, together with a portrait of the artist, Mr. Sigismund Goetze, a pictorial forecast of what will, I do not

From a special sitting given to "The Bystander"

Mr. J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.

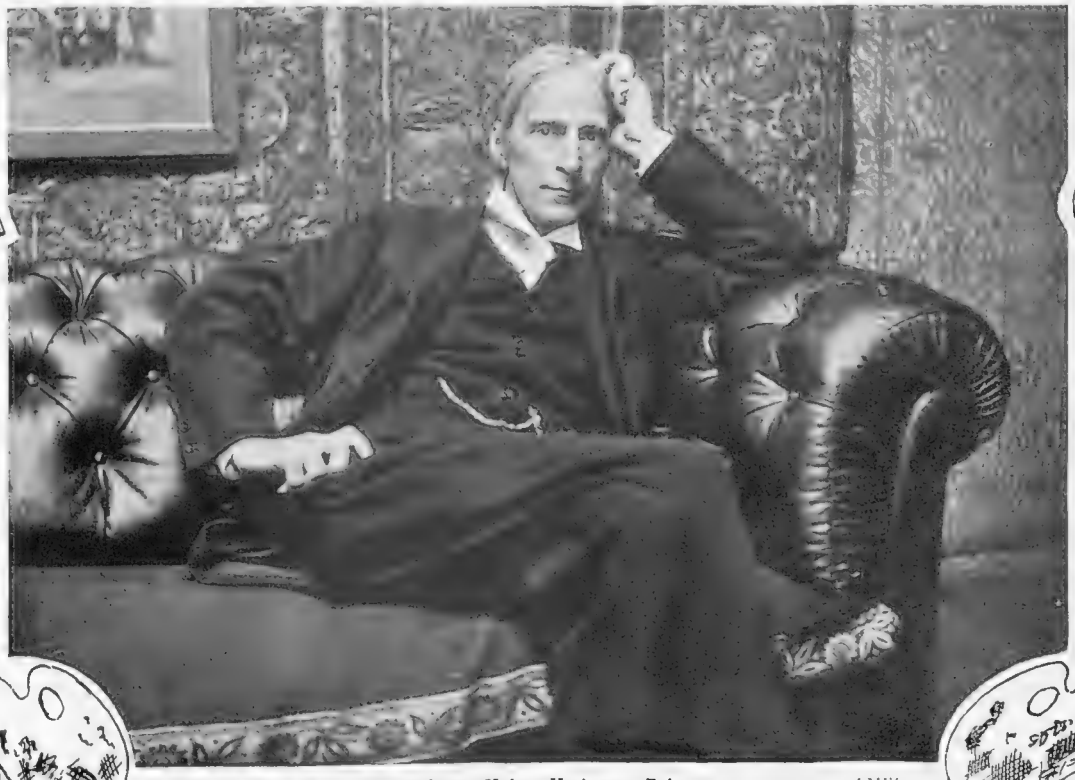
Who sends several portraits and one subject-picture to the Academy

Photo *Biggs*

The New R.A., Mr. W. L. Wyllie

He exhibits four sea-pictures, including one of the *Dreadnought*

doubt, be the sensation of the year. I speak from a popular, not in any way an artistic, point of view, of course, for I remember the crowds that swarmed in front of Mr. Goetze's last year's picture, also a great success. Mr. Goetze is an Englishman. He is the grandson of that Mr. Bentley who "discovered," and bought for some £50, the celebrated Gainsborough "Duchess," for which, some five years later,



Photo] **Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A.** *[Mills*

Landscape is a prominent feature in two of the portraits he sends in this year

Photo *Window and Grove*

Miss Henrietta Rae

Exhibits a portrait, and one of the few studies of the nude

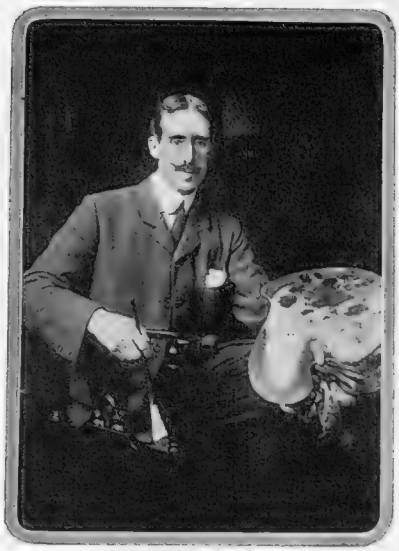


Photo *Moyse*

Mr. Hugh G. Rivière

Exhibits portraits of Lady Leitrim, Mrs. Marshall Field, and Captain James de Courcy Hamilton

Photo *Lena Connell*

Lady Alma-Tadema

Exhibits only one picture, viz., "Peacemaking"

Mr. Pierpont Morgan paid £30,000, and he is also a student of the Royal Academy Schools. His picture this year is a small academy in itself. Certainly it should have an academy *to* itself. We have the nursing mother (a subject unmercifully exploited for some reason or other in this year's Academy), the suffragist, the sportswoman, the *cocotte*, even the nun, and we are asked, in the fashionably clipped language of the day, "Greatest of These?" in the title. Frankly, I give it up.

The Problem Monger

The Hon. John Collier, having made his name with problems, continues to "probble" unabashed. The modern marriage mart is his theme this year. The simple elements—a weeping, unwilling girl, a scornful, worldly mother, a white satin wedding-gown across a narrow bed—are his ingredients, the public itself is expected to provide the necessary sentiment. He is a brother of Lord Monkswell, and, it is interesting to note, began life in a City office.

Photo] **Mr. Frank Craig** *[Haines*

Whose last year's "The Heretic" was bought by the Chantrey Trustees, is likely to attain great popularity with his picture of Joan of Arc, "The Maid." His illustration work is well known to readers of the *Graphic*

A Painter of Morals

From a special sitting given to "The Bystander"

Mr. Sigismund Goetze

One of the great moralist-painters of the day, standing by the side of his picture, "Greatest of These?" the moral of which speaks loudly enough for itself. Despite his name, he is of British birth and training

A Piece of Red Tape

When the beginning of the Long Vacation was antedated from the 13th to the 1st of August, it was generally supposed that the change was made in the interests of public convenience. The majority of the judges were personally opposed to it, and only gave their consent out of consideration for the almost unanimous wish of the Bar and the solicitors. The Government, however, regard it as a personal favour to the judges, and are trying to extract a *quid pro quo* by insisting that the dates of each assize shall be fixed by Order in Council, and that the judges shall have no power to alter them. The alleged motive is economy, the Government suspecting that the judges make a profit out of the £7 10*s.* per diem which is allowed them for expenses while on circuit, and that they spin out business in the interests of their pockets. As a matter of fact, a judge is more likely to make a loss than a profit; but even if this were not so, the obvious remedy would be to reduce the allowance and not to resort to a childish piece of spite which is certain to cause great public inconvenience. Under the old system, the dates were frequently changed so as to allow most time for the places where there happened to be most work, but under the new the judge will often have to do half his work at A., travel to B. to receive a pair of gloves, and then return to A. to finish up. The authorities have made a brilliant start by fixing Lincoln Summer Assizes for the same days as the Royal Agricultural Show at the same place, which means that barristers, solicitors, witnesses, and jurymen will have to pay twice the usual price for accommodation, and will be lucky if they get it at all.

Mr. Justice Grantham at the Bar Point-to-Point Steeplechase

The famous, but not universally popular, Judge has now come out as an advocate of the abolition of the Court of Appeal

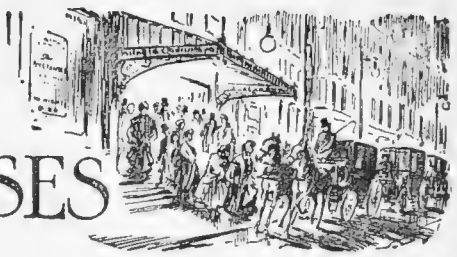
Mr. Justice Grantham and the Court of Appeal

Mr. Justice Grantham's letter to the *Times*, in which he advocated the abolition of the Court of Appeal and a return to the old system of trying Common Law Appeals before the body of Common Law judges, is cordially approved by the Bar. More than half of the actions in the King's Bench Division are still tried before juries, and yet of the six members of the present Court of Appeal only one (Lord Justice Kennedy) has had any practical experience of trial by jury, either on the Bench or at the Bar, and many of their decisions in jury cases have been most unsatisfactory. They seem unable to appreciate the fact that jurymen cannot understand the subtleties of legal phraseology, and that a judge must use popular language in addressing them. Now, it is always difficult and often impossible to express a proposition of law in ordinary English so exactly that an ingenious counsel cannot pick a hole in it, and the practical result is, at present, that if a jury cannot understand the judge's directions, their verdict will stand good, while if they can, there is an even chance that it will be upset on appeal. A few weeks ago, the Court expressed its horror and amazement at the fact that at the end of a four days' trial Mr. Justice Grantham should only occupy twenty minutes in summing-up. Do they really think that a judge's loquacity must be in direct proportion to the prolixity of counsel?

Flapdoodle

Not the least astounding feature of the astounding Thaw travesty was the speech-making of counsel on both sides at the close. Who can say that Sergeant Buzfuz, with his chops and tomato sauce, was a caricature, when people like Messrs. Delmas and Jerome actually exist? Of the two Mr. Delmas was by far the worse, but even Mr. Jerome at times talked such rubbish that no man of ordinary intelligence would pay the slightest heed to it. And yet it must be supposed that the American juryman is a person of ordinary intelligence, education, and common sense. The truth seems to me to be that these learned gentlemen were speaking, not to the jury, but to the reporters, and through them to the ignorant masses who revel in sensational journalism and hysterical headlines, with the primary object of thereby enhancing their own reputations. And when we compare these forensic fireworks with the speeches of our own great lawyers, we must not forget to thank Charles Dickens for having helped us towards the better ordering of these things in England.

The PLAYHOUSES



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

SELF-RIGHTEOUS GERMAN CRITICS

By the time these lines appear, Mr. Tree will have been welcomed home with, I trust, an even stronger note than usual to make up for his somewhat savage reception at the hands of the Berlin critics. It must have been rather unpleasant for Mr. Tree to read in one short week the pith of all the disparaging notices which have been spread throughout his long career as an actor-manager. Mr. Tree must be quite wearied by now of the long tirades which can be summed up in the single phrase, "Opera-bouffe Shakespeare." He must be all the more wearied of the subject that he has not the slightest intention of changing the method of presenting Shakespeare which has drawn so many thousands of pounds into the treasury of His Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Tree knows the English theatre-going public as few managers know it. And being a humorist, he must be laughing up his sleeve at the virtuous and self-righteous condemnation of the Berlin critics. Indeed, this self-righteous note does much to impair the value of the German criticisms. Self-righteousness is always a detestable quality, but rarely more so than when it sharpens the pen of the scribe. In criticising Mr. Tree, the Germans were belauding their reverence for Shakespeare.

Old-fashioned German Ideas

Now, if these Teutonic gentlemen wished to show that they had been keeping pace with modern thought, they would have shown more discretion in their vapourisings about the reverence due to Shakespeare. In an inspired moment, not many months ago, I expressed the wish that there were a little less reverence for Shakespeare and a little more love. In these mouthings about reverence, I, and many wiser than I, detect flavours of cant and hypocrisy. You will, probably, have met the class of person who, upon mention being made of Shakespeare, raises his (or her) eyes to the heavens and murmurs, "What a genius!" This class of person swallows Shakespeare whole, but would, probably, make eight mistakes if taxed with naming the plays in which ten of Shakespeare's principal characters appear. I do not for a moment suggest that the German critics are not intimately familiar with Shakespeare's works. I merely suggest that there is in their reverence the same flavour of hypocrisy which appears in the reverence of the crassly ignorant.

These German gentlemen who prate about "Our Shakespeare" should learn that their idol is playmaker first, philosopher afterwards. One is always inclined to resent "cuts" and changes of scene, for the reason that Shakespeare himself did not write

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Tree's Company in Berlin: A group in the garden at the Kroll theatre

In the front row (*reading left to right*) are Mr. Henry Nevill, Miss Constance Collier, Mr. Tree, and Miss Viola Tree. Behind Mr. Nevill is standing Mr. Courtice Pounds, on whose left is Mr. Cecil King and Mr. Lyn Harding. Mr. Basil Gill is directly behind Mr. Tree, while at the end of the row is Mr. Julian l'Estrange

much padding, and was quite clever in arranging his own scenes. But the German critics have brayed too loudly in protest against interpolated music and scenic effects. No dramatist objects to mounting so long as it does not detract the attention of the spectator from the acting.

Teutonic Exaggeration

The productions at His Majesty's Theatre cannot altogether escape censure in this respect, but to read the extracts from the German newspapers one would imagine that the whole philosophy of Shakespeare, his worldly wisdom, his sympathetic outlook upon, and treatment of, human nature had been irretrievably damaged by Mr. Tree in the process of presenting the plays. This is too strong an indictment. After all, which is the better: To present Shakespeare in such a manner as to bring at least some of his genius to the notice of masses of people; or to present his plays in so severe a manner as to bring all his genius to the notice of a few scholars? For the scholar, there is always the study. Upon the stage the populace demands (and gets, nowadays) light, brightness, merriment, animation, colour.

Upon the acting of Mr. Tree the German critics have written in kindlier fashion. This is not to be wondered at. For though they could pick up a better Antony in any of their provincial stock companies, they would be hard put to it to find upon their stage the equals of Mr. Tree as Malvolio, as Richard II., or as Falstaff. Anyhow, if the Germans can produce such players we should be very glad to see them.

Photo] **Miss Elizabeth Robins** *[Russell*

Whose new play on the Suffragette Question, *Votes for Women* at the Court Theatre, has made quite a sensation. Miss Robins, who now reveals such talents as a dramatist, has already achieved fame as actress and novelist. She is one of the most notable exponents of Ibsen's characters in this country

THE VEDRENNE-BARKER MANAGEMENT

The announcement that Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker are to transfer the scene of their artistic operations from the Court to the Savoy Theatre is a final and welcome proof of the success which has attended the policy of these gentlemen in introducing ideas into the theatre.

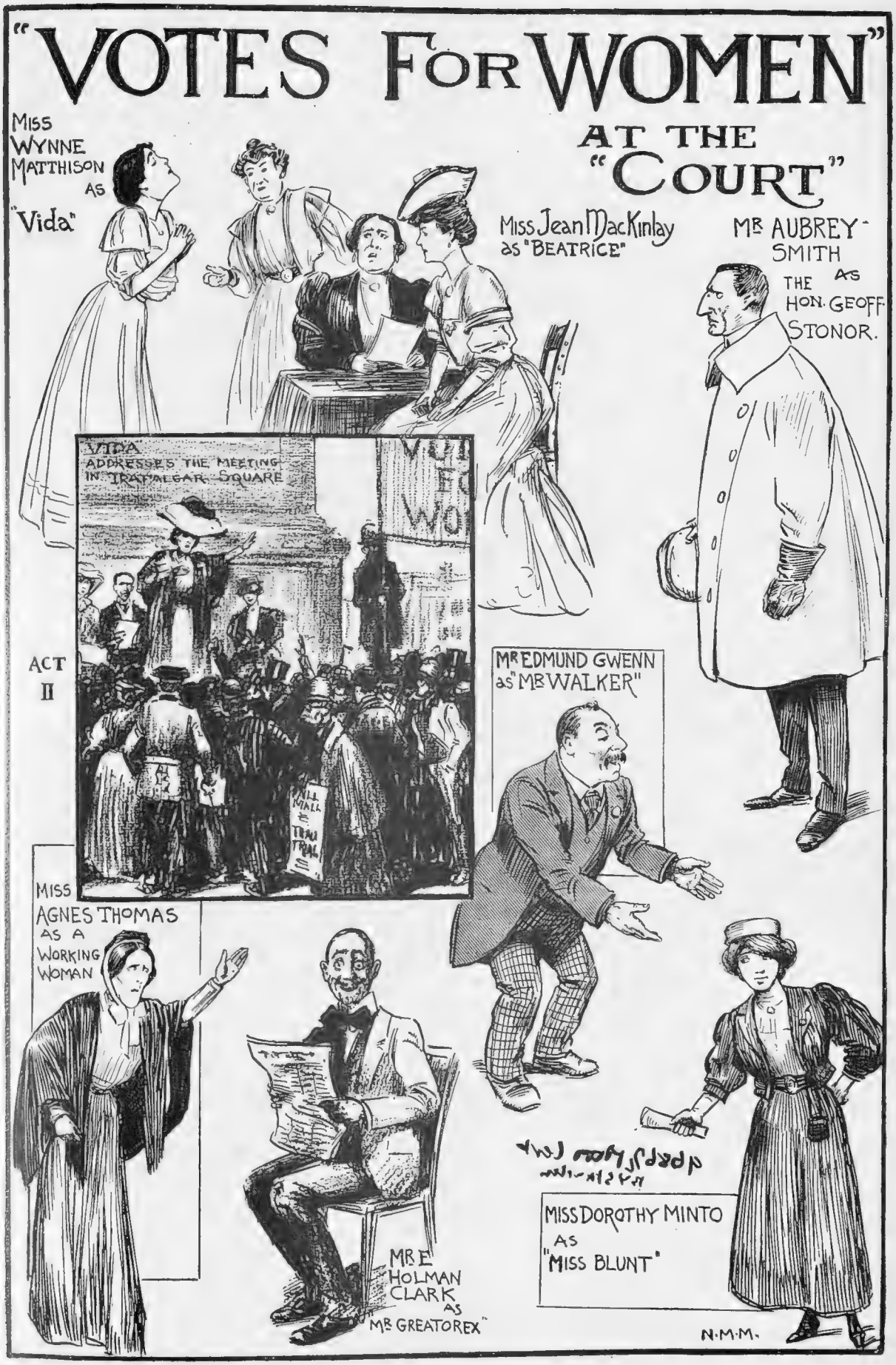
Changes, especially changes in the theatre, are attended by considerable risk. How is it that the same play, with the same cast, frequently cannot attract the public at a different theatre? There is no answer to this question outside the realms of fantasy. If one is allowed to be fantastical, one can explain the matter by the simple statements that a theatre is not a building of stone with a raised sloping platform at one end and a deep well at the other; a theatre is a living, growing place, with a personality. It is peopled with the spirits which have been raised in it. It possesses both humour and prejudices. It takes to its embraces a company playing comedy, and turns the cold-shoulder to another company playing tragedy. When the audience has departed, and the stern-faced women have set the holland shrouds, the "familiars" of the theatre troop out and hold a conference. Then such delicate matters are discussed as the general bearing of the new tenants, and whether welcome should be extended to, or withheld from, them. I am looking for the results of the great conference now being held nightly after 11.30 p.m. at the Savoy Theatre, and I feel confident that, after all have had their say, from Jack Point to the Duke of Plaza Toro, a motion will be put and unanimously carried that "this house extend a hearty welcome to the noble company of intellectuals about to take up their abode with us from the Court Theatre." Upon receipt of this pleasing intelligence there will be quite a flutter among the familiars of the Court Theatre. I can almost hear the sonorous voice of that representative John Bull (Mr. Broadbent) replying to the vote of welcome.

I have not yet enjoyed the privilege of witnessing *Votes for Women*, by Miss Elizabeth Robins, but I live in hopes. E. C. S.

VULGARISING COMIC OPERA

When Mr. George Edwardes changed the name of *Les Merveilleuses* to the *Lady Dandies*—because, I suppose, the English pronunciation of the French title grated on his æsthetic ears—I instinctively felt the comic opera would be vulgarised in other departments. When I first visited Daly's the performance of Mr. W. H. Berry as St. Amour, the Prefect of Police, was so delightful that I have not forgotten it yet. Mr. Berry's voice, his facial contortions, his really humorous personality, kept the house in fits of laughter . . . . No doubt, Mr. Edwardes knows his own business best, but why he put Mr. Huntley Wright in the part of Mr. Berry is beyond my intelligence. I suppose, having "second editionised" the play, or, in other words, reduced it to the level of any other musical comedy, *sans* wit, *sans* tuneful music, *sans* plot (for the plot, which was before intelligible, has now vanished before that atrocious vulgarity, the "topical" song). Mr. Huntley Wright is a fitting concomitant to the present mixture. He has a thin voice, no presence, and as an actor I should not compare him to Berry, or, rather, I could not avoid doing so, after having seen the part of the bombastic Prefect played by the taller man. Mr. Huntley Wright has only one accomplishment—antics. But if one wants to witness simian antics why go to Daly's? What a pity it all is. What *was* the matter with *Les Merveilleuses*, or with Mr. W. H. Berry? C. B.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN" AT THE "COURT"



DRAWN BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

CONTINENTAL CHAT

The Painting Epidemic in Paris

How sincerely I wish that the artists would follow the working man's example and also go on strike. No one would complain. For painting is a tiresome epidemic from which Paris has been suffering for some long time. Its symptoms are becoming worse instead of better, and, unfortunately, those with the least talent are amongst the first to fall victims. Imagine Paris, with its limited population, being the possessor of 10,000 artists—9,550 of whom had better far have attempted any other *métier*, and quite two-thirds of whom are destined to pass from this world to the next without ever becoming known.

The Salon of Horrors

Some, with hardly enough to keep body and soul together, and almost devoid of talent, will yet struggle on towards the goal they will never attain. Others, more intelligent, perhaps, finding that they cannot attain fame by sheer merit, seek notoriety for themselves by exhibiting canvases which are nothing other than hideous daubs. This is the only explanation of the bad work that is so often to be seen on the walls of the *Salons* of to-day. That the people of this enlightened twentieth century can waste their time in a "Chamber of Horrors," as one room in the Autumn *Salon* was rightly named, is hardly comprehensible, except on the ground of the homage which the world—strange as it may seem—is prepared to pay to ugliness. There are too many artists, too many *Salons*—for the paintings worth looking at are few indeed.

The President a Sufferer

The personage who seems to suffer most from this Art epidemic is the President of the Republic, for the opening of Art Exhibitions, and even private views (and their number is legion), constitute one of his most important duties to the State. Last week, after having opened the Exhibition of the Pastillists, he was forced to return from his holiday at Rambouillet in order

The King's Visit to Malta: The Strada Reale, the chief street in Valetta

The visit of the King and Queen to Malta has evoked the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the inhabitants. The building on the right of the photograph (with pillars and steps) is the Opera House, where the Mission was held last autumn, which was, it will be remembered, the subject of some extraordinary letters on the part of the Archbishop of Malta, who contended that none but the Catholic religion should be tolerated on the island

From stereograph copyright *Underwood, London and New York*

Doomed to be Dammed: The Ancient Temple and the Isle of Philae on the Nile

The latest victim claimed by the advancing tide of civilisation in Egypt is the ancient Temple and Island of Philae, which the extension of the Assouan Dam will submerge. The ruins of the great Temple of Isis are among the most interesting in Egypt

"to solemnly inaugurate" the *Salon* of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts. When first I arrived in Paris, these opening ceremonies interested me, but the novelty soon wore off—for, having seen one, you have seen all. M. Fallières, accompanied by his wife, daughter, and his suite, arrives to time if the function takes place in the morning; after lunch he is usually late. To the strains of the "Marseillaise" he steps into the Grand Palais, where he is met by his Ministers, Briand and Clémenceau, and the President of the Society whose exhibition he is opening, and who is to have the honour of pointing out to him the most striking paintings. The French National Anthem, played by the Garde Républicaine, is most impressive; but it requires, for its full effect, a long *cortège* of uniformed figures, even though they be London County Councillors. One experiences a measure of disappointment at seeing these frock-coated celebrities following a President who irresistibly reminds one of a Scotch farmer dressed for a funeral. It is scarcely fair to criticise, but every time I witness one of these performances I feel thankful that in England we have no President—it is worth the extra expense to have a King.

This Year's Salon

The *Salon* this year is decidedly disappointing, whatever the President may have said to the contrary. The place of honour has been given to Mr. Harold Speed's portrait of King Edward VII. A contemporary remarks that this artist was bearing in mind his own name when portraying his Sovereign. It was accomplished far too "speed"-ily for him to do justice either to himself or his royal model; and, fortunately, we are not governed by a monarch bearing much resemblance to Mr. Harold Speed's canvas.

Charles Cottet is now fairly well known in England. This year he is exhibiting, amongst other works, a portrait of his favourite model, a lady with a black hat. Antonio de la Gandara, the painter who has the happy knack of attracting the smartest *clientèle*, has painted a portrait of Signora Gabriele d'Annunzio. It is interesting chiefly on account of the subject. M. Albert Besnard, who, since the death of Puvis de Chavannes, is France's greatest decorative painter, has executed two panels, which are to be placed in the dome of the Petit Palais. His two designs are "Matter" and "Idea." The latter seems to have been the more appreciated of the two. M. Besnard, like Mr. Speed, seems to have forgotten that great paintings are rarely accomplished in a short time; that it took De Vinci four years to complete his famous "Joconde." One of the best pictures in the whole *Salon* was painted by Jacques Blanche—a most finished and excellent portrait of Thomas Hardy.

English and American Exhibitors

This year there seem to be many English names figuring in the catalogue. Alfred East has returned to the subject best suited to his brush—meadow-lands and trees. Frank Brangwyn has six etchings, chiefly of Bruges. Lavery has found many admirers. His picture of Tangier is as excellent as his portraits of Lady Norah B. and a Japanese lady. Harrison, an American painter, has also chosen Tangier for his subject. Glazebrook and Rupert Bunny, an Australian, are other British exhibitors.

In this weekly series of drawings, the artist, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, illustrates the career of the Gilded Youth of to-day, depicting in each picture

THE MODERN RA

(IN TWELVE

SCENE THE TWELFTH (AND LAST)

THE PRODIGAL'S

KE'S PROGRESS

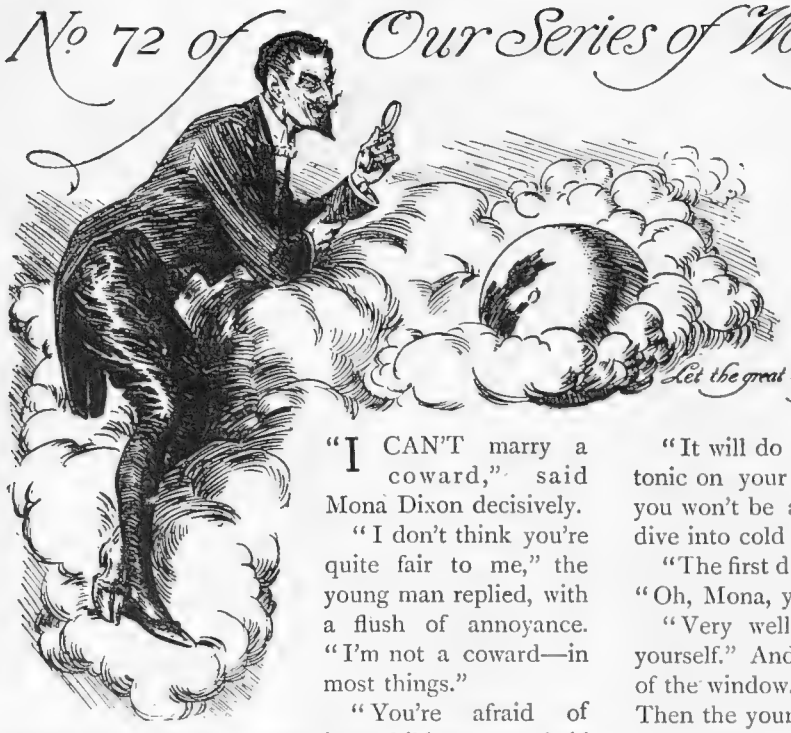
SCENES)

one of the phases through which he passes on his progress through life—a "road to ruin" very different from that of his Hogarthian predecessor two centuries before

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

RETURN

No. 72 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The Coward

By

J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

"I CAN'T marry a coward," said Mona Dixon decisively.

"I don't think you're quite fair to me," the young man replied, with a flush of annoyance. "I'm not a coward—in most things."

"You're afraid of ghosts," she retorted; "only little children are afraid of ghosts."

Harry Lennox looked at her with a wistful smile. She was a fresh-coloured, healthy girl, fond of every kind of outdoor pursuit, and a typical product of a materialistic century. She had as much imagination as a beefsteak. He was rather a weakling, something of a poet, sensitive, and credulous as a child. But he was rich, and so Mona Dixon had marked him for her own.

"You don't believe in ghosts," he said, after a pause. "I do, and I fear them."

"I can't marry a coward," she repeated. Then she turned her back on him, and walked over to the window.

"Mona," he said, reproachfully, "it's too bad of you to talk like this."

She did not answer him, but she stared out of the window at the miles of marshland which stretched from the bottom of the garden to the sea. It was a hot summer's day, and the air quivered over the dreary waste of mud and sea-lavender. In the distance, on the extreme edge of the land, there was a house. It had been empty for years, and its last occupant had killed himself. Possibly, the awful loneliness of the place had unhinged his mind.

But the sight of the desolate and half-ruined building evidently suggested mirth rather than tragedy to Mona Dixon, and she smiled. She saw the chance of having some fun.

"Have you ever been to the Black House, Harry?" she queried, suddenly turning round to him with a serious face.

"Never," he replied, with a shudder.

"Well, you must go there," she said firmly. "You must sleep there for one night, and show me that you're not such a coward as you pretend to be."

"Sleep there for a night," he exclaimed piteously. "I couldn't do it, Mona. It would send me off my head."

"It will do you good, Harry. It will act like a tonic on your system. When you've gone through it, you won't be afraid of anything else. It's the first dive into cold water, that's all."

"The first dive sometimes drowns men," he replied. "Oh, Mona, you don't understand——"

"Very well," she said, coldly, "you can please yourself." And she turned round again and looked out of the window. For a few moments there was silence. Then the young man spoke.

"I will do as you wish," he said in a low voice. "Perhaps, as you say, the experience will be good for me. I know I am a fool about these matters. But if anything should happen——"

"Nothing will happen," she interrupted. "If there are ghosts, they can't hurt you."

"If anything should happen," he repeated, "you will, perhaps, be sorry that you sent me to the place. I shall go there at eight o'clock to-night, and leave at eight in the morning. Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes, Harry, that will do."

"Of course, she is right," said Harry Lennox to himself, as he walked home along the dusty road; "but I'd rather spring among the lions for the glove like the fellow did in Leigh Hunt's poem. By-the-by, that chap flung the glove in his lady's face. He was evidently not a gentleman."

At half-past six he rowed himself down the narrow creek, which flowed from the village to the sea. The route lay almost straight through the marshland to the Black House, and was several miles shorter than the journey by road and pathway. The tide was ebbing, and the little craft moved swiftly between the high banks on either side.

The young man had made complete and extensive preparations for his night's adventure. In the bows of the boat there were rugs and a pillow, and a basket containing sandwiches, a bottle of whisky and a syphon of soda-water. In one of his pockets there was a loaded revolver, and in another a box of matches and two candles. He had, moreover, a lantern for the candles, so that the draughts of the ruined house could not extinguish them.

Yet, in spite of all these comforts and protections, he was sick at heart and sorry that he had embarked on the enterprise. He had talked over the matter with a group of fishermen, and they had tried to dissuade him from going to the place. They said that nothing on earth would induce any of them to spend a night in the house, or even to land on the

(*Continued on page 190*)

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The Maid of Orleans

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Pauline Chase as Joan of Arc

There will shortly be an epidemic in London of Joan of Arc plays. The Maid of Domremy has been chosen as a stage heroine by no less than three playwrights—to wit, Mr. Louis N. Parker (for Mr. Tree), Mr. Mackaye (for the Sothern-Marlowe Company), and Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy. Meanwhile, Miss Pauline Chase, from the pictorial point of view, is first in the field

(Continued from page 188)

shore within a mile of it. Had things been seen or heard there? Yes, most certainly. Shrieks and groans had been heard by several men in the village, as they brought their smacks up the creek in the dark, and strange lights had been seen from far out at sea. Old Sam Cullen had caught a glimpse of the man, standing up to his knees in the water. It was a moonlight night, and the red mark across his throat had been plainly visible. And so on, and so on, till Lennox refused to hear any more, and left them.

No wonder that his face was white, as he glided down the creek towards the sea.

The sun had set before he had accomplished half of his journey, and the western sky glowed with crimson flame. There was no wind, and the water was smooth as glass, save for the ripples from the boat's bow and the small eddies stirred up by the oars. Not a blade of grass quivered on the banks, and the stillness seemed to accentuate the solitude of the marshland. There were times when the place had seemed less lonely, when the roar of the wind, and the splash of the waves, and the rustle of the scant herbage had endowed it with life. Now it seemed to Lennox like some dead and forgotten desert, whereon a single explorer moves to death and oblivion.

As he neared the sea, and the crimson light faded from the west, his sense of loneliness increased. He could no longer see the houses of the village. A few sea-gulls showed white against the greyness of sky and sea, but their melancholy cries were not calculated to remove the general impression of gloom and dreariness. The sea itself, a broad mirror of polished steel, seemed lifeless and even suggestive of death. He fancied, when the end of the world came, and the last man stood on the shores of a desolate land, that just such a sea as this would lie before his eyes.

At last he came to the mouth of the creek, and he could see the Black House, a mile to the north of him, standing up dark and gaunt against the grey sky —a dead sentinel watching over a dead land. He looked about for a landing-place. The tide was now far out on the flats, and there was nearly half a mile of sand between the edge of the sea and the shore. It would be impossible to drag the heavy boat all that distance. He would have to land in the creek.

He returned, and running the boat up a narrow gully, climbed on the top of the bank, and looked across the marshland. As far as he could ascertain in the gathering darkness, there were no ditches or other obstacles in his path, and he could proceed by the edge of the water all the way to his destination. He picked up his rugs and other impedimenta, and walked slowly towards the black ruin which was to be his lodging for the night.

And, as he stumbled over the rough ground, the Shape of Fear began to walk by his side. He fancied he could hear footsteps behind him, the patter of soft feet that scarcely brushed aside the glasswort and sea-lavender; he fancied that a dim shape moved in the dark, something that crawled along the ground itself; the silence was full of strange sounds, and the darkness full of images conjured up by his imagination. He quickened his pace to a trot, and, as might have been expected, he tripped over a tuft of weed, and fell heavily forward on his face.

He rose, streaming with perspiration and trembling in every limb. Then he lit the candle in his lantern, and began to pick up his baggage. As he laid hold of the pillow he gave a cry of terror. The white linen was stained with blood.

"I must be calm," he said to himself, as his teeth chattered with fear. "I must have scratched myself." He looked at his hands, and then passed them over his face and throat and chin. Then he laughed out aloud, and the sound seemed to echo in the silence. There was a crimson stain on his fingers. He remembered that he had cut himself shaving that morning. The cut must have been opened somehow. He dabbed his throat with a handkerchief, and saw that the wound was bleeding very freely. Then he tied the handkerchief round his throat and proceeded on his journey.

The light of the lantern, and the fact that he had discovered a simple explanation of a somewhat terrifying incident, filled him with a certain amount of courage, and he even whistled as he walked along the edge of the shore. But as he neared the Black House, and the grim ruin towered up before him in the gloom, the melody of "Annie Laurie" died away into silence.

He placed his goods on the ground, and went on a tour of inspection round the house. The black tarred walls looked particularly hideous and funereal in the light of the lamp. Some of the windows were shuttered with rough deal boards, but others yawned dark and cavernous. Every pane of glass had long since disappeared, and the empty frames were suggestive of skeletons. He hurried past these as quickly as possible, half expecting to see a lean arm thrust out at him, or a pair of malignant eyes glittering above the window-sill.

He had no difficulty in effecting an entrance, for some intrepid thief had removed the door for firewood, and he found himself in a large hall. The floor was covered with plaster from the ceiling, and various bits of *débris* which the wind had carried through the doorway. The scarlet paper hung in tatters from the mildewed wall, and the jagged strips were not unlike pieces of torn flesh. All the doors had disappeared, and on every side the empty doorways seemed the dark and forbidding entrances to further scenes of gloom and desolation.

Half-way across the hall he paused and listened. As the echo of his footsteps died away there was complete silence. On a windy night there must have been noise enough in those doorless and windowless rooms, and the thunderous roar of the sea must have shaken the rotting plaster from the ceiling. But to-night there was not a sound to be heard, not even the scratching of a mouse, nor the flutter of a bat's wings, nor the ticking of a spider in the wainscotting.

"I will sleep upstairs," he said to himself, and he made his way to the foot of the staircase. The cheap wooden balustrade was cracked and broken, and the deal boards creaked as he placed his foot on them. Everything in the place seemed to be made of the commonest material. There was none of the grandeur of decay, none of the worm-eaten oak and fretted stone of a venerable ruin. The house was only twenty years old, and it was mean and ugly, even in death.

(Continued on page 192)

'Twixt Love and Duty

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Ainley and Miss Irene Vanbrugh in "The Great Conspiracy"

Who play the rôles of Jeanne and Crisenoy—lovers forced by Napoleon to marry each other for political reasons, though Jeanne's husband is actually alive. The test of the rival claims on the woman of love and duty furnishes opportunities for striking dramatic work on the part of the two players concerned

(Continued from page 190)

He ascended the stairs, and found himself on a large landing. There were doorways on each side, and at the far end a corridor disappearing into darkness. All the doors were closed. He wondered in which of the rooms the suicide had cut his throat; he had heard that it was in one of the bedrooms on the first floor, and he had no wish to spend the night in that particular apartment He walked across the landing and opened the third door on the left.

The room in which he found himself was about 15 ft. square, and though the paper had peeled from the walls, the floor was dry enough. The windows had been boarded up, and looked more cheerful from the inside than if they had been squares of darkness. He set down his rugs, provisions, matches, and candles, and closed the door. There was no key in the lock, but he fashioned some wedges out of a piece of wood, and he hoped they might serve to keep out intruders.

When he had arranged his rugs and pillows so as to form a rough kind of bed, he made a meal off sandwiches and a whisky and soda. Then he lit his pipe and lay down on his couch. He had no intention of going to sleep, and had brought the masterpiece of a well-known humorous writer to occupy his thoughts. But he was tired out by his unwonted exertions, and, in spite of the sparkling wit of the humorist, scarcely ten minutes passed before the book dropped from his fingers, and he was as sound asleep as if he had been in his own comfortable bed.

When he awoke, some three hours later, he found himself in darkness. For a few moments he did not remember where he was; then, as he realised the truth, he broke out in a cold perspiration. He sat bolt upright, and tried to find the matches, and, as he groped wildly in his pockets and on the floor on either side of him, his terror increased. He fancied that he could hear something, that he could even see something moving in the darkness. His heart beat like a sledge-hammer, and there was a singing in his ears as the blood rushed to his head.

It is impossible for those who have never felt a sudden and unreasoning terror in the darkness to realise the agony that he suffered. He lost all control of himself and screamed aloud. Then he went to and fro on his hands and knees, hunting everywhere on the floor for the lost matches, passing them again and again in his frenzy, until he was in such a state of collapse that he would hardly have known a match-box if he had touched it with his fingers. At last he sank down on the boards from sheer exhaustion, and, as he rolled over on his back, his hand closed on the object of his search.

For a few moments he did not move. The mere feel of the wooden box served to calm his mind. Then he heard a sound, and it seemed to come from the floor below. He struck a match, lit a candle, and listened. The sound continued. Someone was moving about among the *débris* of plaster in the hall. In the stillness of the empty house the noise was loud and definite. It was no fancy of an overwrought brain, no mere rustle or whisper of things unseen. He vowed that, if ever he got out of the place alive, he would think twice before marrying the woman who had forced him into it.

He placed the candle in the lantern, and, mixing himself a strong whisky and soda, drained the glass to the last drop. Then he lay down on the couch, and placed the revolver on the floor by his side. The noise had ceased, and he could hear nothing but the beating of his own heart.

But in a few seconds it began again, and this time he heard the creak of boards and the distinct sound of footsteps. Someone was coming up the stairs, very slowly, pausing now and then, but moving steadily nearer to the landing. He kept his eyes fixed on the door, and wondered if the wedges would hold it. Then he laughed deliriously. He knew that nothing would hold it; neither bolts, nor locks, nor bars, could keep out the thing that was coming up the stairs.

Now the footsteps were on the landing; he could distinguish the lighter tread of one who walks on level ground. His heart scarcely seemed to beat as he listened to them. His limbs felt numb and cold. His brain was paralysed with fear. The sound came closer and closer, and paused outside the door.

He clutched the revolver in his nerveless fingers, but seemed unable to raise his hand from the floor. He was like a man in a state of catalepsy, seeing and hearing everything, but powerless to move a limb. The handle of the door turned, and the woodwork seemed to move forward a fraction of an inch. Then a grey mist shrouded the candle-light, and there was darkness.

. . . . .

When he came to his senses, he saw a young woman bending over him. He feebly passed his hands across his eyes, and discovered that his hair and face were dripping with water. He stared at her in a half-dazed fashion.

"Who are you?" he murmured.

For reply she held out a glass of whisky and soda. He took it from her hand and drank greedily.

"Feel better?" she queried. "I'm afraid you're soaked. I squirted the syphon at you."

"I'm much obliged," he replied, sitting up and blinking his eyes. "Whom have I the honour——?"

"My name's Cartwright—Violet Cartwright."

"What are you doing here—in this place?"

"I came to see the ghost. I had heard a lot about it. I am interested in ghosts, but I'm not afraid of them."

"I am," he said, rising to his feet. "And I came here to prove my courage. I have failed."

He felt in his pocket for his handkerchief. Then he remembered that it was still round his neck, and he untied it. The linen was stained with blood.

"I am disappointed in you," she said, looking at the handkerchief. "I thought you were the ghost. As you lay there on the floor, you were just like a dead man with his throat cut. I looked through the keyhole."

"I did it shaving," he said with a nervous laugh. His courage had returned to him now that he had a companion, and he felt a trifle ashamed of himself. Then he looked at the door. One of the hinges had given way, and it hung inwards.

"You must be pretty strong," he said with a smile.

"The woodwork is all rotten," she replied. "I'm

(Continued on page 194.)

In a Crying Part

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Grace Lane

Who, in *The Truth*, Mr. Clyde Fitch's comedy now running at the Comedy, plays the part of the villain's lachrymose and hysterical wife with characteristic success. Miss Lane has now a "Shavian" reputation—*i.e.* she has scored several successes in the recent productions at the Court Theatre

(*Continued from page 192*)

glad you fainted when you did. You might have fired at me."

He gazed at her in admiration. She was tall and well built, with a handsome, sensible face. She had said nothing to wound his feelings, and he unconsciously compared her to Mona Dixon.

"You are plucky," he said, after a pause. "You must think me a poor sort of creature."

"I'm afraid of cows," she replied with a laugh. "I don't mind ghosts. I am a member of the Psychical Research Society. I thought I'd got hold of a good thing to-night when I saw you lying on the floor. It was a grievous disappointment. Can you spare me some of your food and a drink?"

He hastened to hand her the packet of sandwiches and mix her a whisky and soda. Then he piled up all the rugs and pillows in a heap and pointed to them.

"Please sit down," he said. "I've had my night's rest."

"Thank you," she replied, seating herself on the improvised chair. "I've had a long walk. I came over from Melton. Isn't it jolly having supper here like this? I forgot all about food."

Lennox laughed merrily as he closed the door, and shut out the black square of darkness. The Shadow of Fear passes from weak minds as quickly as it comes over them.

Hour after hour they chatted pleasantly together, first of general subjects, and then, as was naturally to be expected, of themselves. And, when at last the grey dawn filtered through the shuttered window, they seemed more intimate than if they had known each other in the ordinary way for several months.

"I must get back to breakfast," said the girl, looking at her watch. "It's nearly six o'clock. No chance of the ghost turning up now."

"I must stay here till eight," he replied, gloomily. "I've promised, you know."

"Then I'll stay too," she exclaimed, firmly.

At eight o'clock they passed out together into the sunlight, and went their separate ways.

. . . . . .

"I've never heard of such a scandalous thing in all my life," said Mona Dixon, as she listened to the story. "The woman must have been absolutely shameless."

"She was kind," he replied simply. "I had suffered a good deal."

"She's hopelessly compromised," the girl continued in a frigid voice. "No one will ever marry her after she's spent a night alone with a man in that place."

"No one will know of it. I don't suppose she will tell anyone."

"I shall tell them," the girl exclaimed fiercely. "It's right that people should know."

"I would not tell anyone if I were you," he replied quietly. She looked at him angrily, but she did not quite grasp the meaning of his words.

In a week's time the story became public property, and Lennox left for London. Mona Dixon wrote to him twice, but received no answer to her letters.

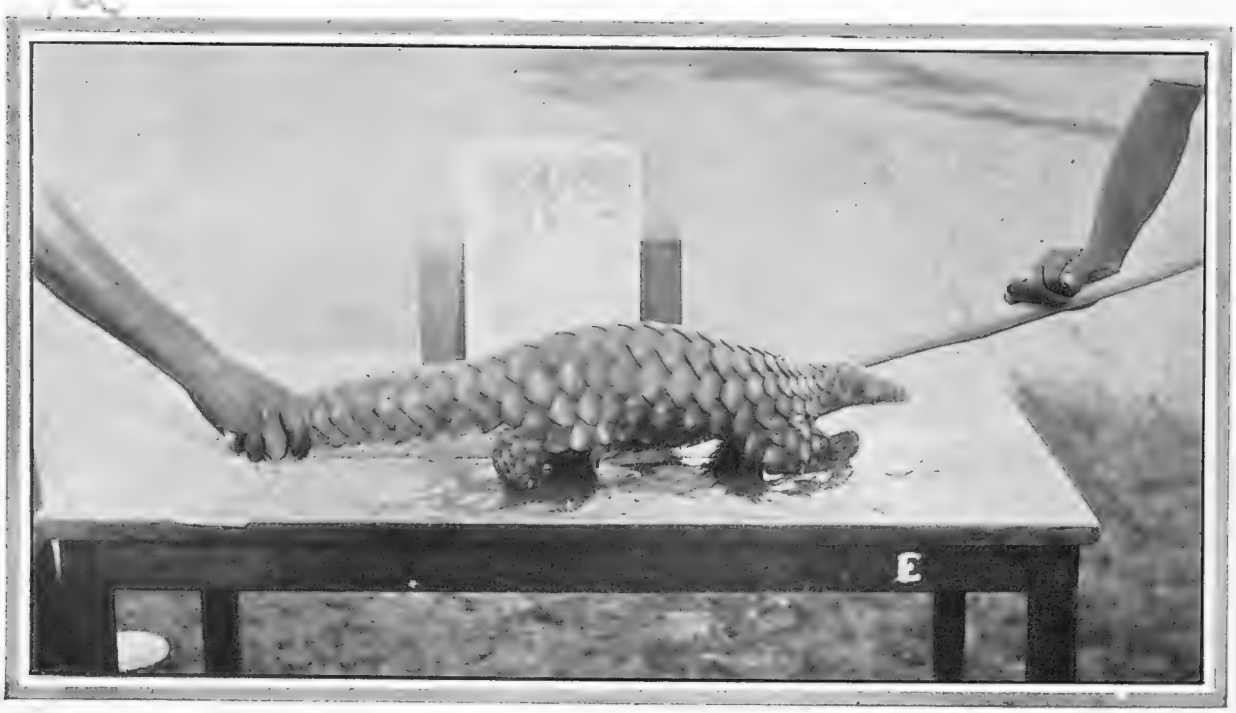
Then, when a month had elapsed, she received the following epistle:—

DEAR MONA,—As I have hopelessly compromised Miss Cartwright, I have offered her the only reparation in my power and she has accepted it. The marriage will take place in three weeks time.—Yours sincerely, HARRY LENNOX.

P.S.—Have you ever read Leigh Hunt's poem about the Glove and the Lions?

J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

A CATCH OF THE SEASON

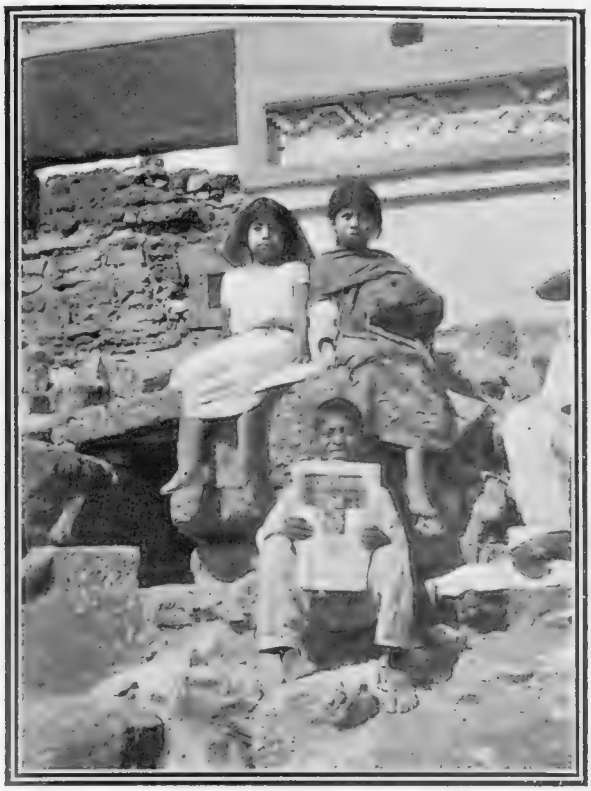


A Curious Creature Caught by a Reader in India

The sender of this photograph, Mrs. Ennis, Masulipatam, South India, writes: "This strange-looking animal was found on the sea-shore in Masulipatam, South India. The natives said they had never seen one before, and it is probably a species of armadillo. It lives upon insects, and though looking quiet enough in the picture, it will be seen that it required two brawny Indian arms to keep it still on the table whilst the photograph was being taken. It has now been sent to the Madras Zoo."

"The Bystander" in Many Lands

(10s. 6d. *is paid for each photograph published on this page of readers in out-of-the-way quarters of the world)*

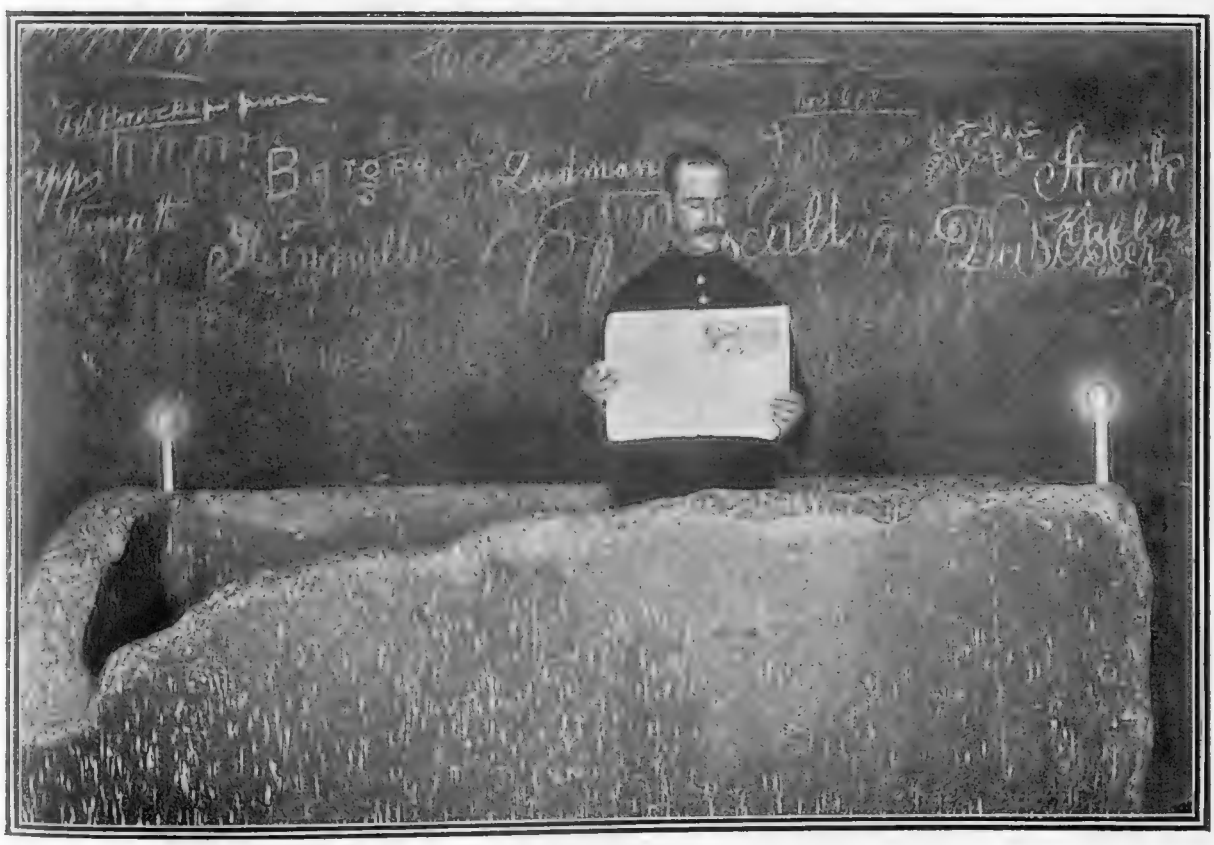


Among the Relics of Ancient Glory

These two little Mexican readers are seated among the ruins of Mitton Ertado, relics of the ancient Aztec civilisation, at Oaxaca, Mexico. Oaxaca, where there is an English colony, has been practically undamaged by the disastrous earthquakes which took place in Mexico last week. Sent by MR. E. H. DRURY, C.E., Apartado, 490. Mexico City, Mexico

"The Bystander" in Bloemfontein

Showing the typical verandah of a South African house. The native woman is a Hottentot, and the two English girls are the daughters of Colonel Hulcatt, R.E. Sent by MRS. HULCATT, Tempé, Bloemfontein, Orange River Colony



Inside the Cheops Pyramid, Egypt

Our reader is standing in a sarcophagus in the King's Chamber, in the centre of the Cheops Pyramid. The photograph, which was, of course, a flashlight one, required fifteen seconds' exposure. It will be seen that even this spot is not held sacred by those personalities who insist on leaving a record of their visits by inscribing their names on the wall. Sent by SERGT. W. H. HOLROYD, Army Pay Offices, Cairo

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Will the Americans Beat Our Horses?

Interest continues to grow in the coming International Horse Show at Olympia, both at home and abroad, and the entries, which close next week, promise to constitute a record for this country. The majority of the best harness horses in the United Kingdom are certain to be seen in the big show-ring, and though the Americans are coming, as it were, with a rare flourish of trumpets I have an idea that we shall hold our own with their exhibits in this department. I saw Mr. Vanderbilt's horses at Edgware soon after they had landed in England, and must confess to being disappointed in them. Perhaps the way in which they have been boomed and vaunted in the Press led me to expect too much, and it must further be explained that they were not in tip-top order so soon after their Transatlantic voyage. Even making these allowances, my opinion is that the Vanderbilt contingent will not be good enough to beat the best of the home exhibits. However, they are making rapid improvement at Edgware, and by the time the Show comes round will not want for anything in regard to bloom and condition. One of the smartest of Mr. Vanderbilt's pairs are Vanity and Vogue, whose fine action and dash are admirably conveyed by the accompanying photograph. Mr. C. H. Wilson, who has the management of the Vanderbilt stud, is driving them, and in the art of showing off a high-mettled team or a free-actioned pair, he has certainly nothing to learn.

Mr. A. C. Vanderbilt's Show Horses at Exercise

His smart hackneys, Vanity and Vogue, driven by Mr. C. H. Wilson (Mr. Vanderbilt's stud manager), go in great style, and will be formidable competitors at the coming International Horse Show at Olympia

Keen Interest in New York

In New York even more interest is being taken in the details of the approaching Show than in London, and this is due, no doubt, partly to the enthusiastic way in which Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt is working for the success of the affair, and partly to the enterprising and whole-hearted spirit in which Americans enter into anything that savours of International competition. Mr. Vanderbilt reports from New York that much has been done in that city, and is being done, to arouse general interest in the Show, and the American entry is sure to be a strong one all round. Some of the smartest jumpers in the United States will be seen at Olympia, and it is hoped that Mme. Marantette, who rides her own horses, will enter her famous performer, St. Patrick. She recently offered to match St. Patrick for 1,000 dols a side, the bars to be raised from 6 ft. 6 in. for the first jump to 7 ft. 10¼ in., "after that each owner of horses to have the right of raising bars as he sees fit until the money is won." Seeing that there are very few horses in the world who have ever been known to clear more than 7 ft., we doubt whether any opponents will be found for Madame Marantette and her extraordinary jumper; but we should very much like to see them at Olympia.

The Cheshire Difficulty

Few things can be more damaging to the best interests of sport than internal dissensions in a fox-hunting country. With one party divided against another on some momentous question, nothing but mischief can result, and the evil is many times worse when the farmers join issue and take sides against the Hunt. Unhappily, a position of this kind has been created in Cheshire, and unless somebody gives way it is difficult to see how it will be possible satisfactorily to carry on sport in this pleasant hunting district. When the Duke of Westminster agreed, two months ago, to accept the Mastership of the Cheshire Hunt in succession to Mr. Hubert Wilson, the appointment was hailed as admirable throughout hunting circles. All seemed to be well. Followers of hounds in Cheshire were deemed highly fortunate in having secured so influential and important a landowner and so keen a sportsman to take over the command of the country. The Duke expressed his willingness to hunt six days a week, and so the Committee deemed it advisable to reunite the north and south sides of Cheshire, thus making them into one country again. So far as the actual law of hunting is concerned, they had a perfect right to do this, as the South Cheshire district was only loaned to the late Mr. Corbet when the division was made thirty years ago, and it was never intended that the country should remain permanently in twain. What has been wanted was a Master in a position to devote an adequate amount of time and money to covering the entire country, and that

Wild Duck Shooting in India: A good bag

From Palanpur, India, Lieut.-Colonel G. E. Hyde-Cates sends us this photograph of a good bag of duck, got by him and his brother last January

sportsman has recently been forthcoming in the Duke of Westminster.

Loth to Part With Mr. Corbet

But a difficulty has presented itself. Mr. Reggie Corbet, like his father before him, has provided fine sport in the southern end of the county, and, with the farmers and landowners alike, is immensely popular, having always shown the utmost consideration and courtesy to them. It is thought, therefore, that the Committee's action in reuniting the country, necessitating the abandonment of Mr. Corbet's smart pack, would be detrimental to the interests of South Cheshire. The feeling, originating among the farmers, gradually extended to the land and covert-owners, and at length has become so strong that the Committee can no longer ignore it. Mr. Henry Tollemache, one of the disaffected landowners, asked at a recent meeting what chance the new Master would have of hunting the country when he had the farmers and thirty-seven out of forty covert-owners against him. Certainly, to attempt to proceed under such conditions would be to invite immediate disaster.

The Duke of Westminster's Position

I am sure the Duke of Westminster will be sensible enough not to place the prosperity of hunting in Cheshire in peril. It may be true that the Committee have a perfect legal right to link up the country again, but this is one of those cases where

Photo *Cribb*

A Meet of the East Hambledon Hunt: Mr. H. Whalley Tooker the Master (in the background), talking to Sir Frederick Fitz-Wygram

At the end of the season, Mr. H. Whalley Tooker is resigning the Mastership of the East Hambledon Hunt, which is to be reunited with the western side under the Mastership of Captain W. P. Standish. On the right of the picture is standing Lady Fitz-Wygram

popular feeling must be allowed, for the general good, to override legal considerations. It would be pitiable to see Cheshire as a house divided against itself, and I hope that by the time these pages are printed the Committee will have consented to submit the question to arbitration, or, better still, have agreed upon a compromise acceptable to the farmers in the south.

A. W. C.

GARDEN NOTES

Cannas for Beds or Pots

Cannas, started in heat, should now be growing strongly. With their large flowers of many shades of red and yellow, and magnificent foliage, they are among the handsomest plants for pots or beds, and give a tropical appearance to the conservatory or the garden. As shown in the photograph, they are planted too close together, a mistake which many gardeners make. It is much better to give each plenty of space to show itself, and to fill up the intervening ground with begonias or other low-growing plants which will harmonise with the cannas and hide the soil. Cannas need a great deal of water; indeed, during their growing period they are almost sub-aquatic in this respect. If, when they are grown in pots under glass, the soil or the atmosphere is kept too dry, they are almost sure to be attacked by red spider, but frequent syringeing and more water applied to the roots will soon rid the plants of this troublesome insect. Fortunately, it is almost the only enemy they have. In rich soil, with occasional applications of liquid manure, they attain a large size during the summer, throwing up flowering shoot after flowering shoot in rapid succession, so they should be planted in large pots or even in tubs. Here, again, a greatly improved effect may be obtained by the use of trailing plants to cover the soil. The height varies, with different varieties, from between two and three feet to five feet, and advantage should be taken of this fact in grouping either in beds or in the conservatory. Of the newer cannas, one of the finest is Roi Humbert, with brown foliage and immense scarlet flowers.

Cannas as Bedding Plants

Cannas, with their large flowers of many shades of red and yellow, are among the handsomest plants for pots and beds. They should not, however, be planted too close together

Gladioli to Flower Late

What with sowing, planting, and hoeing, this is a busy time in the garden, but gladioli should not be forgotten, whatever else may be. Some have already been planted, but we cannot have too many of these beautiful flowers, and others should be planted now and at fortnightly intervals until the end of May for a succession. They are seen to the best advantage when grown in beds by themselves, but in large groups they are also very effective at the back of the border. In pots, too, they are very charming, flowering late in summer and well into autumn, when flowers are getting scarce. No race has been more improved by the hybridist. As the result, the original species have been almost entirely replaced by hybrids raised from them. The countless varieties of these are classified under different headings—Gandavensis, Nanceianus, Lemoinei, Childsii, and so forth. It is difficult to choose between them, each has so many valuable qualities, but Childsii is generally considered the finest, the large branching flower-spikes sometimes reaching the height of five feet. When the corms are planted in heavy land some sand should be placed at the bottom of each hole; indeed, this is a good practice in any case, as the sand facilitates the formation of roots, and the sooner the roots are formed—that is to say, the longer the start they are enabled to get in advance of the tops—the stronger the plants are likely to be. It is owing to the neglect of this essential detail in their cultivation that many bulbous plants are spoiled. If they are so managed that tops and roots start simultaneously, the former draw on the bulbs for their food, and the bulbs have no roots, or insufficient roots to keep them supplied, so failure is the inevitable result.

H. C. Davidson.

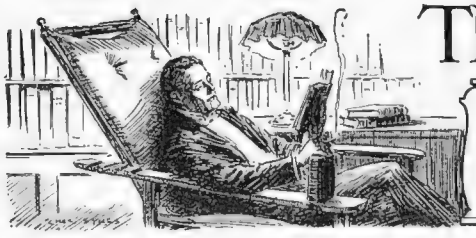
For Beautiful Lawns

Daisies and other weeds are now becoming unpleasantly conspicuous in the lawn, and unless they are dealt with at once they will soon form large patches. The old-fashioned method was to dig them out with a strong knife, but it was exceedingly laborious, and has now been largely superseded by the use of Lawn-sand. This preparation may be obtained from the Boundary Chemical Company, Ltd., of Luton Street, Liverpool. It is in reality a powerful fertiliser; but being very destructive to any foliage to which it adheres, it burns all the broad, flat leaves on which it rests—those of daisies, dandelions, and plantains, for example—while, if applied in dry weather, it falls off the narrow upright leaves of grass, and consequently does not injure them. If the conditions are favourable, a single application is often sufficient. If necessary, however, it should be repeated at intervals of a month during the summer until the weeds have completely disappeared. The labour involved is small, and if this be taken into consideration, it will be found that the use of Lawn-sand is a much less expensive way of getting rid of weeds than digging them out.

A Fishing Idyll

Photo Shrubsole

ANXIOUS MOMENTS



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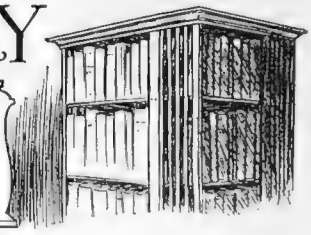


Books to Order This Week

"Women of the Second Empire." Translated by Alice M. Ivimy. (John Lane.)
"Nearly Five Million." By W. Pett Ridge. (Hodder: 6*s.*)
"The Mystics." By Katherine Cecil Thurston. (Blackwood: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Destructive Mr. Davidson

Mr. John Davidson has, appropriately enough, celebrated his fiftieth birthday, the 11th inst., by the publication of a book—or, rather, a blank-verse play—entitled *The Triumph of Mammon* (E. Grant Richards), in five acts and an epilogue. With contemptible curiosity, I turned first to the epilogue, and at the time of going to press have, for reasons of sheer self-preservation, gone no further. For, in the epilogue, Mr. Davidson makes two statements, which cannot but be taken in alarming conjunction. In the one, he openly confesses that, having

> for half a century survived in a world entirely unfitted for me, and having known both the Heaven and the Hell thereof, and being without a revenue and an army and navy to compel the natives, I begin definitely, in my Testaments, *to destroy this unfit world* and make it over again in my own image, because that cannot be transcended.

Later, having chastised the world for its commercial, economic, and other aberrations, and for its bad taste in pleasure, Mr. Davidson announces that "the imagination of our time is not yet healthy enough, not yet strong enough, not serious enough, not joyful enough, not passionate enough, not great enough." He complains that

> *Godfrida*, *Self's the Man*, *Knight of the Maypole*, and my unpublished Arthurian drama, the likeliest plays written for the English stage in our day, are not produced.

I am bound to say I am not surprised at the reluctance of the managers to produce the plays in question. When a man has promised your death and destruction, you are naturally reluctant to accept anything he may prescribe for your supposed benefit. Hence, theatre managers, being a humane race, are, very naturally, not anxious to run the risk which would be entailed by lending their houses to *Godfrida*, *Self's the Man*, *The Knight of the Maypole*, and the unpublished Arthurian drama. Likewise, being, for the nonce, unrepentantly addicted to the habit of existing, I have paused ere going further with *The Triumph of Mammon*. When, however, a suicidal mood supervenes, it is a weapon that shall have my first refusal.

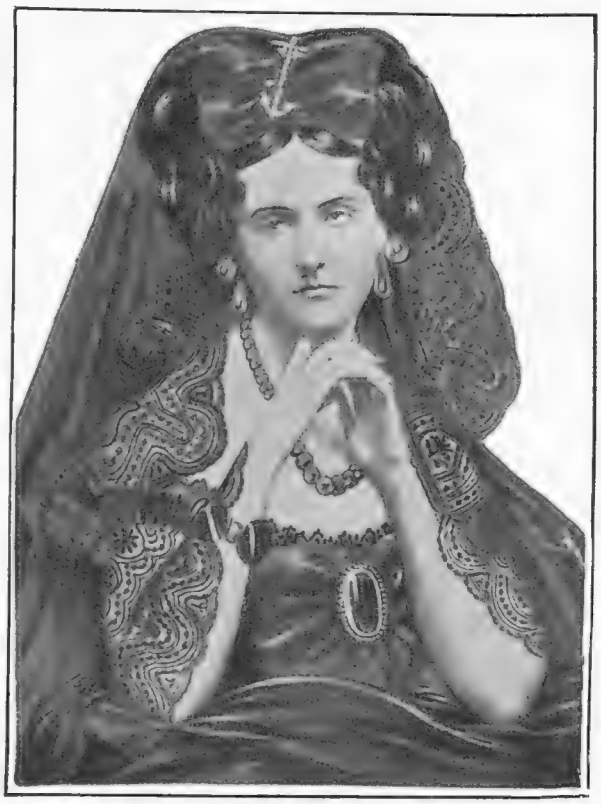
"The Mystics"

In *The Mystics* (Blackwood: 3*s.* 6*d.*) Mrs. Katherine Thurston tells a thrilling story which somehow fails to thrill. I fancy there is a mistake somewhere in the focus of the narrative. She tells of a great religious imposture. John Henderson is the nephew of the founder of a religious sect, "The Mystics," and acts as private secretary to his uncle. On that gentleman's death, John discovers, to his horror, that, instead of bequeathing his wealth to him, his uncle has left it to the brotherhood, as the endowment of the "Prophet who shall come," believed in by them. John, a somewhat mercenary young man, reconciles it with his conscience to personate the said prophet, with an eye to his heritage, and to bamboozle the Mystics. In time, however, falling in love with a fair worshipper, he confesses his imposture — at first to the disgust of the beloved one, but finally to her forgiveness. Obviously, here is a theme which should have thrilled, and yet it fails to do so. The reason of the failure, if I may say so, is that we follow the plot, from beginning to end, behind the scenes of the "Mystic" movement. We are with John Henderson from the first; we know him to be an impostor from the first. When his *débâcle* supervenes we are unable to be thrilled because we expect it too definitely, and we are unable to sympathise with him because his *human* nature has not been properly thrown into play. To thrill us, the action of the story should have shifted, after the uncle's death and John's decision, to the "Mystics" themselves in their private lives, especially to the heroine in her workaday rôle. We should have witnessed the arrival of the "Prophet" from their coign of vantage, and then we should in due course have been thrilled to exhaustion by the scene in which his imposture is discovered. As it is, we see only Henderson's side of the business, knowing nothing of the individual "Mystics," or of the personality of the heroine, and as the hero does not arouse definite sympathy, the story fails to allure. And yet, withal, it is not an unreadable volume. But, then, nothing of Mrs. Thurston's could be exactly that, for she has charm and distinction, and a vivid imagination.

Fair Femininity

Women of the Second Empire! What a galaxy of beauty, what a *monde* of elegance, what a coruscation of wit is suggested by the phrase! It makes one proud of one's period, almost, to be able to claim even that it followed one so fair in its femininity as was the Second Empire. Of the Empress Eugénie much has recently been written, and but a few weeks ago I dealt with Miss Jane T. Stoddart's life of that lady. Setting her aside, however, we have, for instance, first the Castiglione, the Imperial Pompadour, "born too beautiful"—the envy of all Europe, the woman who, perhaps, made as much history for her age as even Cavour, Bismarck, or the "Man of Destiny" himself. For a woman to be able to say more than, as Castiglione could say, that she "made Italy free and saved the Papacy," were, indeed, impossible; and this was the thing that was accomplished by this unofficial Ambassador to Paris of the ambitious Savoyards. And, then, the fine tragedy of the wane of the beauteous Florentine. She even faded magnificently. Rather than that her enemies should triumph over the passing of her beauty, she retired in supreme pride—to be seen by

nobody, not even herself, for she banished mirrors, and shut out the sunlight, sooner than read, in her own face, the tragedy of time. What a reflection is here contained on the world's belief that beauty is any form of good fortune to its owner, seeing how hideous is the possessor's punishment for the loss of it. In splendid contrast—to the detriment, in the long run, of the beauty—is the case of Pauline de Metternich, of whom the Viennese were wont to sing, "There is but one Kaiserstadt, and that is Vienna; one princess, and that the Metternich." Pauline's triumph was that of the wit, of the diplomate, of the patron of art and music—who brought Wagner to Paris with horrible results, and who—*discovered Worth!* In greater contrast still is the Countess Walewska, wife of the natural son of Napoleon I., the woman with the multitude of lovers, whom, by superb art, she retained, and converted into friends—the woman of the silent wit, who did not utter *bons mots*, but, nevertheless, meant them. The book (published by Mr. John Lane) is infinitely worth reading, especially to students of real-life romance, is translated from Frédéric Loliée's Court Chronicles, by Miss Alice M. Vimy, and has fifty-one illustrations, one of which is reproduced herewith.



"Born Too Beautiful"

The Countess de Castiglione, the fair Florentine, who "pleaded the cause of Italy to Napoleon III." Her life-story is related in "Women of the Second Empire"

(Reproduced from "Women of the Second Empire" by courtesy of John Lane)

Hungary: A Dry Compilation

The recent visit of the Eighty Club to Budapest, which attracted not very friendly criticism on the Continent because of the seeming association of British Liberalism with the Hungarian Separatists, at the time in conflict with the Austrian Government, has been done into book form. *Hungary: Its People, Places, and Politics* (Fisher Unwin) is the scarcely justified title of the volume (which is handsomely illustrated by photographs), for it consists in the main of descriptions of the entertainment programme of the guests and their speeches rather than of any valuable personal observations on Magyar life and character. To tell the truth, so unimaginative is the volume, and so devoid of any picturesque description or impression, that it rather constitutes a criticism in itself of the criticised visit. Obviously, politics, not pleasure, was the motive of the pilgrimage, or surely something more interesting could have been given than this official record, which is strangely dry—considering the number and quality of the banquets attended by the Clubmen.

The Narration of Nothing

A little story which has no specific plot, but which has, nevertheless, a charming sequence of scene and character, is Mr. Pett Ridge's "Capture of Town," the first of the three parts of *Nearly Five Million* (Hodder: 6*s.*). It traces the life of a modern London man through his boyhood in the 'seventies, his youth in the 'eighties, his manhood in the 'nineties, to the present decade. Nothing specially happens, save that the man makes a sort of name, and gets married, and has a son. He lives all the time in London—much as many a hundred thousand others live—and neither says nor does anything in particular. The chief charm lies in the underlying suggestion of "growing older," which is contained in the interpolated references to current events in historical sequence — to Tichborne, "Peace With Honour," Tel-el-Kebir, the Jubilee, Kitchener, and so on—an obvious enough device, which, nevertheless, produces excellently the effect of the passage of years. To few writers is given Mr. Pett Ridge's privilege of being allowed to write stories which narrate nothing—which is fortunate, for very few indeed could exercise it with a hundredth part of his art and subtlety.

"The Rapid"—R.I.P.

I suppose a wealthy publishing firm is at liberty to do as it likes with its own, but regret seems pretty general at the unhappy fate which has overtaken the *Rapid Review*. As an impartial survey of the month's doings and sayings, served up in attractive style, the review filled a valuable place in modern journalism. It has now been changed from a review into a magazine of miscellaneous "articles, stories, and poems." Its contents are bright enough and racy enough—but have not Messrs. Pearson and their rival firms already explored, to its uttermost recesses, the public which requires this sort of thing? It does not concern anybody, of course, whether they run a hundred publications on these easy and familiar lines, if they find it profitable. It is a pity, however, that, in starting another of them, they should have killed their one and only "review"—a periodical which one would have thought so prosperous a firm could well have decided to run, even at a loss, for the "honour of the house."

VIVIAN CARTER.

Golf Notes and Notions

The St. George's Club Easter Meeting

(*Continued*)

The play of the week showed that the most likely back-markers, viz., Messrs. Horace Hutchinson, S. Mure Fergusson, and C. K. Hutchison were all in fine form. The latter player returned identical scores of 77 on the two medal days, tying on the first day with Mr. Hutchinson, who, however, lost on the second day's play by returning a score of 82. Mr. Mure Fergusson was close up to Mr. Hutchison with two scores of 78 and 79. Being engaged myself in the arduous task of flogging the ball over the giant hazards of the course, I was unable to see anything of the play of the great men. But the figures recorded above speak for themselves, and show that these three players are in fine fettle, and must be seriously reckoned with in computing the destination of this year's Amateur Championship. I did have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Mure Fergusson play in the foursome competition, being drawn with my partner against him and his partner, Mr. Speed, a somewhat over-handicapped player of great driving power and considerable proficiency in the short game, if somewhat nervous in pinching times. Mr. Fergusson has lost none of his powers, and seeing him play so well made me regret once more his absence from Hoylake last year, and makes me express my earnest hope that we shall see him in the ranks of the fighters this year at St. Andrews. Unfortunately, he has been unable to find anything to take the place of rubber grips in his affections, and he is, therefore, dependent on dry weather for the exhibition of his best powers. Otherwise, his magnificent nerve and dogged determination, coupled with his great command of all departments of the game, make him as formidable a competitor as ever.

Golfing Cricketers: G. W. Hillyard (Leicester) approaching the third hole

In the semi-final round of the Cricketers' Inter-County Golf Tournament, played at Sunningdale, Leicester, represented by G. W. Hillyard and H. H. Marriott, beat Yorkshire (the Hon. F. S. Jackson and Ernest Smith) by one hole. In the final round Leicester beat Kent by two up and one to play

The Foursome Competition

The foursome competition ended in the victory of two long-handicap men, Messrs. Lyall and Leach, who defeated Messrs. W. D. Bovill and C. M. Smith in the final. Their hardest fight took place against Messrs. Mure Fergusson and Speed. This match went to the twentieth hole. I saw these two holes of the match, and most thrilling they were. Receiving a stroke at the nineteenth, Messrs. Leach and Lyall managed to do the hole in seven. Mr. Speed drove his partner into the rough with a pulled ball, and Mr. Mure Fergusson hit a fine long shot into the pot-bunker on the right short of the one guarding the green. Out of this his partner only just got, and in the result Mr. Fergusson had to hole a putt of four yards at least for the first half, Mr. Lyall answering like a man with a four-footer.

A Critical Juncture

It looked all over for the little men when Mr. Fergusson got away a magnificent tee shot at the twentieth hole, which ran through the furthest pot-bunkers on the left, and lay beautifully for his partner's approach-shot to the green. Mr. Leach, nothing daunted, put his partner short of the big bunker, whence Mr. Lyall sent the ball to the furthest rough fringe short of the green. Mr. Speed's shot was short and rolled down to the left. Mr. Leach, with a "Musselburgh tap" of his wooden putter, put his partner within two yards of the hole, Mr. Fergusson answering with an even better shot, which lay about four feet from the hole. Mr. Lyall holed without much hesitation, and Mr. Speed lost the match by slightly pulling his putt. So ended a Homeric struggle which, as it turned out, practically decided the destination of the Sidgwick Cup for the year. The arrangements for the meeting were in the able hands of Mr. Ryder Richardson, the beau-ideal of a golf secretary.

The Late Hon. Algernon Grosvenor

I cannot close this article without a short reference to the sudden death of the Hon. Algernon Grosvenor, which occurred in London just before the meeting commenced, and so threw a gloom over the proceedings. Mr. Grosvenor was a familiar and beloved figure on the Sandwich links. Many a delightful match have I had with him. He was a fine player, close to the scratch mark, and wherever he played made hosts of friends. I take this opportunity of tendering my deepest sympathy to his relatives and friends on the loss of one of the kindest, most amiable, and lovable men it has been my good fortune to meet.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE,
Bankers, LTD.
BASILDON HOUSE, BANK, LONDON, E.C.,
Bureau de Renseignements à Paris, 32, Avenue de l'Opéra,
Or from any of its Branches.

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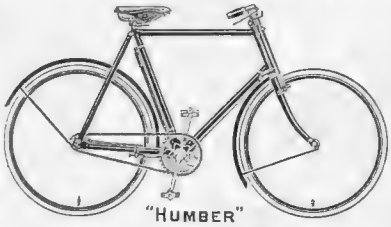

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RACING NOTIONS

THE CITY AND SUBURBAN. By "CARBINE"

Slieve Gallion's Good Form

"There goes the Derby winner," cried an enthusiast as Slieve Gallion cantered away with the Craven Stakes in effortless fashion last week. Certainly the performance was most impressive, and if the colt is really a non-stayer, there was nothing to show it this time. The gigantic Olympian is not yet fit, and there was nothing else in the race capable of extending Slieve Gallion. Right away from the bushes he had the race in hand, and all were agreed that this was a most satisfactory trial for him in view of the coming classic races. There will, of course, be stronger opposition to tackle in the Two Thousand Guineas on May 1. All Black, who has been backed for the Derby; Bezonian, who came very creditably out of a trial with Traquair the other day, and is likely to be Lord Rosebery's best three-year-old; Dusty Miller, who quite stylishly won his first race for the Duke of Westminster last week; and Simon Square, who is said to have improved—all these will be at the post for the Two Thousand, so it will be by no means a one-horse race.

The Two Thousand Guineas

It is also hoped that the King's colours will be seen in next week's classic race. Of the much-talked-of Perambulator one knows nothing definite, save that he is backward and wants time, and if His Majesty is represented it will probably be by Slim Lad, who has not won a race, but showed very promising form several times last year. I see that Slim Lad has a prior engagement at Sandown Park this week, and he looks like winning it. The success of the two-year-old Pearl of the Loch in the Royal colours was naturally very popular at Newmarket, and we all hope that this was the forerunner of many triumphs for the King this season, for latterly His Majesty's horses have been very poor. Marsh's stable, indeed, has scarcely maintained its reputation, but the Egerton House trainer, I am told, has a good lot of young horses this year, and for the Two Thousand he can choose between the King's pair and several belonging to Lord Wolverton. Acclaim will probably represent the Duke of Devonshire, and he has the merit of recent winning form; while Mr. "Billy" Bass can run his colt Stickup, who we saw to advantage at Newbury. Altogether it will be by no means an uninteresting Two Thousand; but I have complete confidence in **Slieve Gallion**, to whom Dusty Miller and Bezonian are next best.

The Derby Favourite: Slieve Gallion (Higgs up)
Captain Greer's colt, Slieve Gallion, last week won the Craven Stakes at Newmarket.

The Derby: A Likely Outsider

As for the Derby, on June 5, I am not altogether so sure of Slieve Gallion, because the extra half mile may mean a lot to a colt whose stamina is not altogether beyond question. At the same time, I do not at present see anything likely to beat Captain Greer's colt over the Epsom course, which is usually favourable to speedy horses, and ought to suit him. On last season's form, Galvani will be his most dangerous antagonist, and Woodwinder, of course, must not be overlooked; but unless something occurs to cause me to change my opinion, **Slieve Gallion** will certainly be my Derby selection, though Orby, as an outsider, I fancy as likely to bring off a surprise.

What Will Win the "City"?

Instead of spoiling the City and Suburban, as some vowed would be the case, the Newbury Cup has added to the interest of the Epsom race. At one time Dean Swift looked like becoming a red-hot favourite, and we were wondering whether it would be possible to back him at all; but the Newbury meeting brought two new candidates strongly before us in Dalkeith and Larino, and it is quite possible that either of them, or both of them, may finish better favourites than Dean Swift. Nor will these three be the only ones backed, for the best of Alec Taylor's four is sure to have a strong following; and Fra Diavolo will likewise have his share of friends. The great question is whether Dalkeith could really have beaten Larino more easily than he did. If he had nothing in hand, then the 10 lb. penalty which the Waler has incurred ought to turn the scale in favour of Mr. Lionel Robinson's colt. It is said that little Wootton may not be able to do justice to his mount, but I know of no better rider at the weight. My selection, therefore, is **Larino**, and I think that Dalkeith and Dean Swift will be the best of the others. The Hyde Park Plate may be won by **Moët**.

At Sandown Park

For the Esher Plate this week, Donna Caterina, Acclaim, and several others are certain to be strongly fancied, but personally I should choose **Lowland Lord**, who is also engaged for the Tudor Plate on the following day, and, in the event of his absence, I would take Donna Caterina. The Stud Produce Stakes on Friday may be won by **Pendule**.

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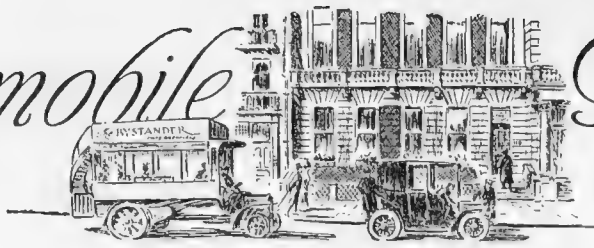

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Pekin to Paris Race

The Pekin to Paris race, which starts from Pekin on June 10, will easily eclipse any feat of endurance which motorists have hitherto essayed. It simply bristles with possibilities, for most of the route lies through vast tracts which have never yet seen a motor, and are inhabited by peoples who will look upon the "foreign devils" with no friendly eye. The course lies through Mongolia, the Desert of Gobi, through the Ural Mountains, and thence, *viâ* Moscow, Posen, Berlin, and Cologne, to Paris. Everything, short of building roads, that the Government of the Tsar can do to facilitate progress is being arranged. Cars and supplies for the chauffeurs are to be exempt from Customs duties, while the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg is informed that free passages will be granted on the Trans-Siberian railroads to the drivers. The distance on paper is 6,200 miles, but, considering that over a great part of the race there is nothing which could, even allowing every latitude, be called a road, and that, even where there are "roads," they are simply heavy tracks, wallowing, at this season, in mire and mud, any cars which land safe and sound at Paris will have accomplished a feat indeed.

Photo *Abeniacar*

Prince Scipio Borghese

The Italian competitor in the Pekin-Paris Motor Race

* * *

A Trying Route

Probably the petrol will present the greatest difficulty, though the tyres will cause anxiety to those who break down thousands of miles from any repair-shop. The competitors will need, on an average, about 500 gallons of petrol. Among the eighteen competitors are two tricars, and the photograph I publish of the De Dion will give an indication of the paraphernalia intending competitors will need to carry. No British cars have entered, which is to be regretted, considering the sporting nature of the race. On the other hand, a scion of the noble Roman family of Borghese—Prince Scipio—has entered an Italian car, and has already started *en route* to Pekin. He is going to make a bold bid for victory. With him sailed, a fortnight ago, several other competitors, and the remainder will travel *viâ* the Trans-Siberian Railway route. There is an idea, says the *Standard*, that the cars might beat the railway, but since the fastest time recorded of a journey between Paris and Pekin has been about twelve days, it would mean over 500 miles a day, or an average of 21 miles an hour day and night, excluding stoppages. Such a feat would be next to impossible, even if the roads were good. If any competitor finishes up on the right side of thirty days it will be a great achievement; but I expect few of the competitors will have much further inclination for the race by the time they have lost their way a few times in the Gobi Desert. It is a sporting race in every way.

Learn to understand a Motor before you buy one, then you are not in the hands of Chauffeurs or Dealers. Special private lessons for Ladies or Gentlemen.—HANOVER MOTOR INSTITUTE, 6E, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

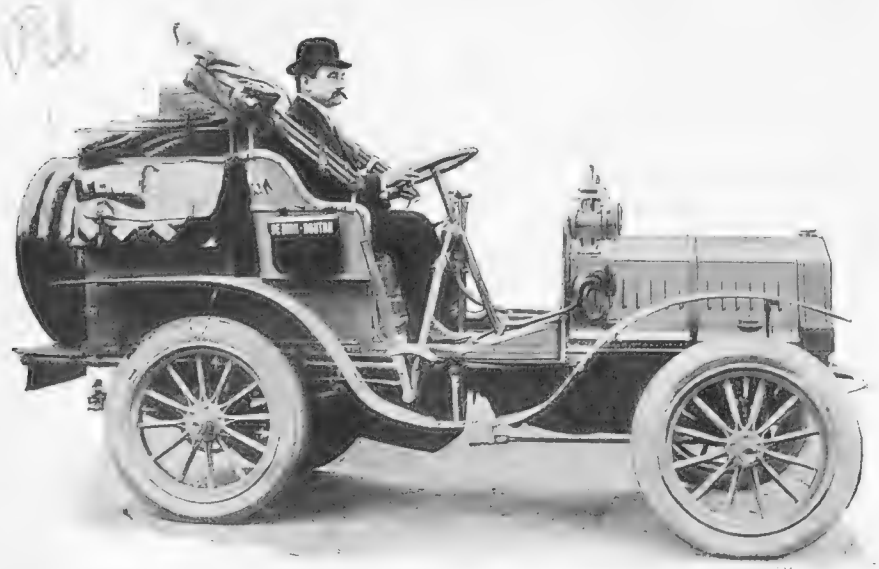

Photo *Topical Agency*

Pekin to Paris by Motor: The De Dion car which is competing

This car will be driven by Cormier in the race from Pekin to Paris, which starts on June 10. The car which overcomes the difficulties of a route across Mongolia, the Desert of Gobi, and the Ural Mountains, will have undergone a reliability trial worthy of the name

WM. COLE AND SONS, LTD., KENSINGTON DISTRICT. New Garage always open. Repairs to all makes. First-class Cars for Hire.—235, Hammersmith Road, and 92, High Street, Kensington. Telephone: 3533 Western.

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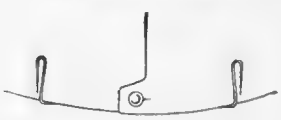

Showing how it is fixed on the Collar.

It is made in one piece from a specially selected wire and slightly curved to conform to the contour of the collar, on to the base of which it clips.

Whilst it is found thoroughly effective and reliable, and especially suitable for preventing *any shape* of neck-wear from shifting its position at all, it possesses the additional advantage of being "INVISIBLE" in use, the band of the tie completely hiding it.

It should be attached to the collar after the Tie has been tied up, as it is easily slipped on underneath. This enables the Tie to be tied up with freedom, and in a natural, easy, unhampered manner, which most retainers prevent.

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Let us suggest one or two questions you might ask yourself before you decide on your purchase.

FIRST: What is the record of the car?

SECOND: Is it absolutely reliable in every way?

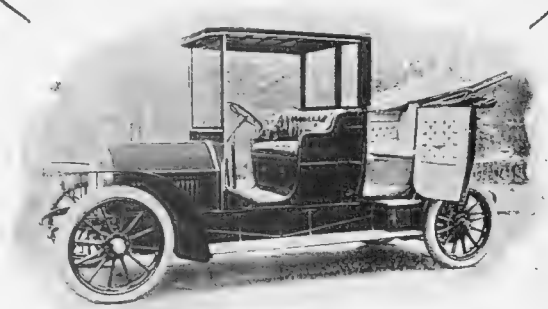
THIRD: What are its hill-climbing powers as compared with other cars of equal horse-power?

FOURTH: Is it smooth and powerful in running, and, withal, economical on tyres?

FIFTH: Is it a silent running car that can compare with an electric carriage for town work, at the same time embodying every point of the perfect touring car for the country?

SIXTH: How does the price compare with that of cars of a similar or even larger horse-power?

These are questions which you must ask yourself, and all of which must be answered satisfactorily before you purchase your car for this season.



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To all these questions the VINOT CAR gives a complete and satisfactory reply. We can positively assure you that the question of "VINOT" reliability is absolutely assured by past records. The successes of "VINOT" cars in all Reliability Trials are too numerous to detail, but should you be interested in this question we shall be happy to send you our "VINOT" booklet, which will tell you of the "VINOT VICTORIES." This is a fact worthy to remember, that every scrap of material put into a "VINOT" car is of the very finest quality made. That is why we know we are selling a car which is second to none.

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London to Monte Carlo

Against the imagination shown in the originators of the Pekin-Paris Race stands the continual efforts of the British manufacturers to break the record to Monte Carlo. The six-cylinder Napier car started from London a week ago, and reached Monte Carlo in 33 hr. 33 min., timed from the premises of the Royal Automobile Club onwards. Mr. Claude Johnson, alluding to this performance in a letter to me, contends that if a tour of this nature is a record of consistent travel at a high average speed, the only interesting part of the journey is that between the North and the South Coasts of France, as no competitor can hasten in the journey across the Channel or attempt any high speed between London and Folkestone. The distance from Boulogne to Monte Carlo is 771 miles, and the time the six-cylinder Napier took for this part of the journey was 28 hr. 21 min. The Hon. C. S. Rolls, travelling on a Rolls-Royce (Mr. Johnson reminds me), occupied 28 hr. 14 min. on the same journey. I think most people will agree with the view of Mr. Johnson, that an attempt to make a record between London and Monte Carlo should not be dependent on the luck of a Channel crossing or the fortune of evading police-traps, and under these circumstances the real run is from Boulogne onwards. The Napier car's time, however, was very excellent, because from Boulogne until past Lyons a blinding rainstorm interfered with the progress of the car, while it had two other mishaps — the bursting of a front tyre at Avignon, and being stopped at Cannes by *gendarmes*. The Dunlops, with which the car was fitted, acted splendidly, for on the roads traversed none but the strongest tyres would have had a look in.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XXIII: Mr. Harvey Du Cros, Jun.
The director of several motor concerns, including the Du Cros-Mercédès, the Austin, and the Swift, he is an intrepid driver, and a familiar figure at all the chief automobile meetings. He is one of the six sons of the Member for Hastings
(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

Car-icature—No. XXIII.: Mr. Harvey Du Cros, Jun.

Like his distinguished father, the Member for Hastings, Mr. Harvey Du Cros the younger is an enthusiastic and all-round sportsman. One of the six sons of a gentleman who held, in his juvenile days, three championships — cycling, boxing, and fencing—it was but natural that the subject of this week's Car-icature should follow in his father's footsteps. An intrepid and skilful driver, "Harvey Junior," as he is familiarly known, has taken a prominent part in many competitions; and, a year or two ago, achieved the remarkable feat of driving one of his little Swift cars to the summit of Snowdon while yet the winter snows lay thickly upon the sides of that lofty mountain peak. At Blackpool, Brighton, Bexhill, and, in fact, wherever motorists most do congregate, Mr. Du Cros's genial good-fellowship and ready wit—his family hails from the Emerald Isle—are always greatly appreciated, for he is as genuinely popular on the sporting track as in his clubs in Town. A keen man of business, "Harvey Junior" knows how to work and how to play to the best advantage, and he is a director of three motor concerns, the Du Cros-Mercédès—which directs the destinies of the famous Cannstadt products—the Austin, and also the Swift Companies.

D. M.

* * *

Miscellanea

The Humber Company have just published a very fine catalogue of their cars, giving most interesting particulars regarding these splendid British motors. Any reader can obtain a copy by sending a post-card to the Humber Works, Beeston, Notts, mentioning THE BYSTANDER.

Mr. Kenneth Durward, the well-known Conduit Street tailor, has sent me a most charmingly got-up booklet of his latest designs for ladies' and gentlemen's motor wear. All his goods are noted for the stylishness of their cut, though the figure asked is always most moderate. A copy of this attractive brochure will be sent to any reader mentioning this paper.

The Rudge-Whitworth Bicycle

The latest activity of Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd., has been the opening of their magnificent new works at Coventry. This company, by the way, can trace its origin from the very early days of the cycle history, namely, from Dan Rudge, who began to make cycles in Wolverhampton in 1869. To Rudge, also, cyclists all over the world are indebted for the invention of ball-bearings. It was not till 1894, however, that the Company, in its present form, came into being, but during the thirteen years of its existence it has made the name of Rudge-Whitworth the hall-mark of the cycle world. The Rudge-Whitworth Company have also been the pioneers in the cheapening of bicycles, both in 1898, when the Standard Rudge was for the first time catalogued at 10 guineas, and also in November, 1904, when the "Crescent" Rudge, price £6 15s., was put on the market. But to return to the present state of affairs in this remarkable firm. The new buildings have a floor-area of 3½ acres; and an idea of the capacity of the output can be gathered from the fact that, in the busiest part of the season, the output is 1,000 machines a day. From the Editor downwards, I think I may safely say that all on this paper ride Rudges, and no praise can be too high for their stability and ease of running, while every machine is accompanied by a ten years' guarantee.

H. M. HOBSON, LTD., 29, VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, S.W., close to Victoria Station. Sole Concessionaires for Nagant-Hobson and Decauville Cars, Jenatzy Tyres, and Pognon Plugs. Garage always open.

8-11 H.-P. PANHARD LANDAULETTE in guaranteed good order. A perfect car for Town and Professional use. £275, with all accessories, complete and ready for road.—CORRY HURFORD (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland St., W.

Letters from Celebrities.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET ON NERVOUSNESS.

"INDUSTRIAL FARM COLONY,

"DUXHURST,

DEAR FRIEND, "*April*, 1907.

"Your letter is one of many which I constantly receive begging me to tell of something which can help to restore tired nerves and over-worn strength, and you ask me to do so because I come into contact with so many who, for these very reasons, fail in the race of life, having sought the wrong remedy for such loss of nerve-power.

"The description which you give me of your difficulty scarcely varies from that of which I am so often told. Work has become a drudgery, and life a heavy thing. You tell me that you go to bed feeling tired, and that you wake in the morning almost equally tired, that your food is distasteful to you, and that little things which used to sit lightly upon you have become heavy burdens; that even pleasure is toil. I know you have worked hard through many years, and have had much mental strain. This may, in a measure, account for your weakness, which is not brought about by any condition of actual disease, but which seems to arise from an even greater trouble—namely, that your nerve-force is seriously overspent.

"It is important to understand that, in these days of worry and over-excitement, the over-work, mental and physical, to which most of us are subject, calls forth an undue expenditure of strength, and that, to recuperate the vigour we have lost, we must consider what sort of food or remedy we require.

"Of course, the whole question of proper nourishment requires much thought and experience. Many forms of food and many restoratives are recommended; but, having had to do with a great many people who have impaired their digestive organs, and whose nerve-power has been seriously undermined, I do not think that I have come across anything which I believe a more suitable nutrient for all forms of weakness than Sanatogen. I do not know if you have tried it; but it seems to me, under the conditions such as you have described, an ideal preparation, because it provides a valuable tonic-food in the most suitable form. It consists, I believe, in the nourishing element of pure cows' milk, incorporated with which is a special nerve-tonic containing phosphorus. It has an invigorating power on worn-out nerves, and gives tone to exhausted tissues, to a surprising extent. The feeblest system and the poorest digestive organs are able to assimilate it, when they can really touch little else. I am strongly of opinion that you cannot do better than begin a course of Sanatogen if you wish to regain your strength.

"Sanatogen, undoubtedly, restores sleep and invigorates the nerves, and it braces the patient to health, for I have noticed that with the restoration of the digestive organs the mind becomes more quickly active, and work, both mental and physical, becomes more easy, and the freshness and keenness which such people have lost, apparently altogether, return gradually, and bring with them an enjoyment of life, and a feeling of hopefulness, not hitherto experienced.

"When the body is subjected to a course of Sanatogen, the blood condition improves, the skin assumes a more healthy colour, the invigorated nerves are braced to a more healthy tone, and the whole human machinery is made fit for exercise and work, and for fulfilling its functions in the most perfect manner. . . . . .

Isabella Somerset"

The above is an abstract from a letter addressed by Lady Henry Somerset to an intimate friend. In view of the public interest associated with the subject, the recipient has obtained her ladyship's gracious permission to make the contents widely known. Additional information on the same subject may be obtained from the Sanatogen Company, 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, in packets, at 1*s.* 9*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 5*s.*, and 9*s.* 6*d.*

The "Kindun" Easy Chair.
Stuffed all hair, in best manner, and covered in Tapestry .. .. .. £5 : 5 : 0

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Easy Chairs a Speciality.
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The "Peel" Wing Easy Chair.
Luxurious double sprung seat, upholstered in best manner in Tapestry .. £4 : 10 : 0

"CONTINENTAL" TYRES
ON A DAIMLER CAR.
"Boulogne to Monte Carlo,
Monte Carlo to Biarritz,
Biarritz to Paris and Boulogne
WITHOUT A PUNCTURE."

Cheltenham, April 17, 1907, *signed I. N. H.*

TO EXCEL AT TENNIS, USE "CONTINENTAL" TENNIS BALLS.

CONTINENTAL TYRE AND RUBBER CO. (Gt. Brit.), LTD., 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

By Mrs. JACK MAY

I have such an embarrassment of riches in the shape of shop interests this week, that I must get to them right away—to use an Americanism—otherwise what I have to say will be shorn of half its conviction by a ruthless editorial pencil, who will cut out all my beautiful adjectives, and generally reduce me to a dull, dead level of grey statements—a position I very much object to occupy, more particularly when I have something really worthy to relate. Now, it may not be universally known, but one of the first places that every well-dressed American woman visits on setting foot in London is

Messrs. H. J. Nicoll, 114, Regent Street

And the reason for this is as plain as the nose on your face. She wants the best English-built costume procurable; and there is world-wide evidence that this is an assured possession at Messrs. Nicoll's, where a reputation second to none in the land is loyally maintained. Of late years, the firm have found it necessary to vary, or rather extend, the character of their business; and to-day the range runs from the simplest, most severe type of knockabout suit to the tailoring that one must, for lack of better, term *habillée*. And, quite within recent date, a determined demand has served to inaugurate a department, worked purely on modistic lines, and which from the very first scored a success that is never inseparable from excellence.

Our first picture relates to a model annexed from this dress-making corner of the big house, worked up in one of the novel all-over patterned foulards in navy and white, the skirt laid in flat, close pleats about the hips, and stitched down at intervals for a space; while at the hem there is introduced a fold of the finest possible navy face-cloth, above which a fancy strapping of the same simulates a certain *tablier* appearance that is highly effective. Surmounting this skirt is the favourite kimono bolero, ornamented with bumpy, square oxidised buttons, together with a little Irish lace collar and long cravat ends of navy taffeta that conclude with a tassel. But the surprise lies inside, where a lining of *plissé* navy chiffon, stitched with lines of white blonde lace insertion, rather induces the desire to turn the affair inside out.

An Attractive Spring Model

(Sketched at H. J. Nicoll's by Dorothy Millar)

With another perfectly dear little blue-and-white striped voile, a very pronounced blue taffeta kimono bolero is worn, trimmed fine black silk braid and the most knowing little touch of rose silk and gold cord.

Simply an ideal travelling, seaside, or country morning gown tells its story in striped grey alpaca, the long-shoulder, wide-armhole blouse, cut into a tiny round *décolletage* over a fine tucked *chemisette* of the alpaca, relieved by a smart knotted green satin tie. Then there are any number of exclusive French models of more extravagant novelty, notably an apricot *marquisette*, the skirt strapped in a deep key pattern with cloth the same shade, a *negligée* little stole corsage being ingeniously devised with the cloth, *filet* lace, and tempering touches of ivory and gold *dentelle*.

To the persistency of our American sisters, moreover, is largely due the fact of

Silk Moirette Skirt-Frill, best quality, excellent cut; falls well. In Black, White, Navy, Sky, Mauve, Grey, Green, Violet, or in any special colour to order,

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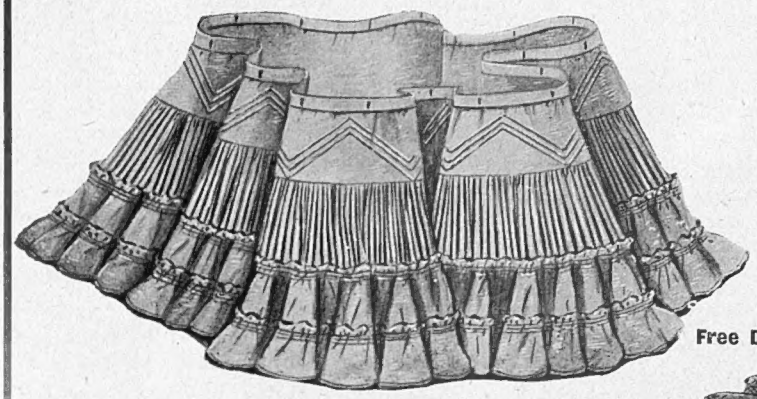

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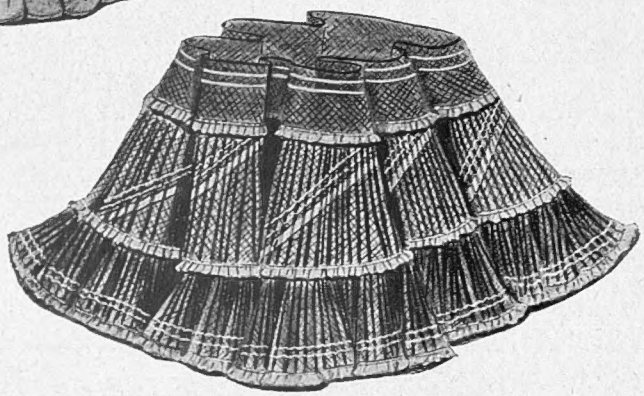

Smart pleated-net Skirt-Frill; well cut.

White or Black ground, trimmed White, Black, Sky, Mauve, or Pink Satin Ribbon.

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Treatments for the Face and Neck, 5/- Manicure, 2/6.

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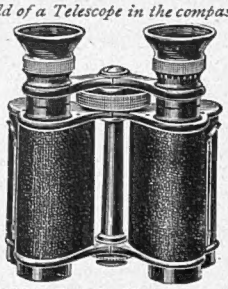

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Messrs. H. J. Nicoll providing a tailor-built shirt, so admirable of kind and moderate of price—12*s.* 6*d.*, to wit—the firm find it difficult to keep a supply up to the demand. And the above quotation holds good of models built either in cambric or delaine, whether bought ready-made or fashioned to order. What I personally find so attractive at Messrs. Nicoll's is the generously wide outlook and spirit that obtains throughout.

Crême de Japon Cie, 13-14, New Bond Street

A few weeks ago I had occasion to mention this perfection skin food, since when I have had more time to go into the question of its character and efficacy, and am more than ever satisfied that it has come to take an important stand in the complexion *galère.*

Crême de Japon is no ordinary surface emollient to soften and protect the skin; it does much more than that, since it acts as a tonic to the facial nerves, being of such construction as to sink, if properly and carefully applied, deep into the pores. It is a genuine stimulant as well as a skin food, and a published analysis safely guarantees an entire absence of glycerine. Consequently, it can be used with the utmost freedom, and is thus simply invaluable to the inveterate motorist.

I could write a very tome of entreaty to motoring women not to rush to sponge and water after a journey. The temptation to do so, I know from long and constant experience, is overpoweringly great—water is so refreshing—but, really, it is simply suicidal. Only the surface dust and dirt is removed, while the bulk sinks deeper into the open pores, and the rapidly dried skin draws itself into almost immediately perceptible wrinkles. Whereas, if a generous supply of Crême de Japon is laid over face and throat evenly and gently, and what is left on the surface removed with a soft cloth, there is created the same fresh, healthy look that comes after a bath, a light dust of powder, which adheres for hours, imparting the requisite finishing touch.

The surreptitious use of the powder-puff is a horribly *bourgeois* thing to do nowadays; and talking of powder, the quality supplied by the Crême de Japon cannot be surpassed for purity and fineness. It is perfection for children's use. Also, there is a Lotion de Japon that is really efficacious in the case of oily skins. Many lotions profess to alleviate this defect, but Lotion de Japon has an abiding result if patiently persisted in, night and morning, for three months or thereabouts.

Although originally only the supply of these remarkable skin remedies was intended, certain events have transpired to render a massage treatment procurable when desired. Thus, since the 15th ult., a pretty enclosed *salon* has been added to the "apartment" at 13-14, New Bond Street.

Shoolbred's Famed Tailor-made Shirts

You simply cannot beat these productions, wherever you may go. To call them perfection is tantamount to painting the lily white. Everywhere is the same story going the round of the world, inclusive of the rather gullible shopping woman, who has hitherto been apt to be dazzled by the aptly worded advertisement, that we are becoming more than a little weary of faked-up shoddy productions. One does not go again to establishments that resort to such low-down methods, whereas the fame of this Shoolbred shirt has, like the famous snowball, grown to gigantic proportions. The only changes this season, and they are so slight as to make no matter, relate to a trifle more fulness in the front, which necessitates the yoke being carried a scintillation deeper, and a return to the simple shirt sleeves with straight cuff. Last year there was a feeling for a turned-back cuff, but it failed to prove entirely practical, and so has been discarded.

A Pretty Spot Japleen Shirt Blouse

(Sketched at Shoolbred's by Dorothy Millar)

The impossible, for once, has been achieved, in an addition being made to the already extensive range of Japleen, a material that has no rivals and few equals. The pretty spot example illustrated by Mrs. Dorothy Millar is of Japleen in a navy and white, the whole presenting a greyish-blue aspect.

"Queen's Wear" is another very favourite selection, a fabric of pure wool, the finest Australian quality, and uncrushable, that runs through a gamut of the neatest, most sympathetic designs and refined colourings. Then, also of pure wool, is that wonderful gauze cashmere, descriptively described as a fine, light, crisp all-wool material. This is guaranteed not to crush or crease, and no amount of evil laundering can destroy either the surface finish or the colouring.

Although almost of world-wide knowledge now, it may be wise to repeat the formula how all these shirts are made in the gentlemen's shirt department, and that a self-measurement form is provided, so simple and accurate of kind, that the failures can be counted on the fingers of one hand.